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M Y S T E R Y

OF THE

*Black Tower.*

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THE  
MYSTERY  
OF THE  
**Black Tower,**

A ROMANCE,

BY

JOHN PALMER, JUN.

AUTHOR OF THE

HAUNTED CAVERN.



Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think, you can behold such fights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

SHAKESPEARE.



VOL. II.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
BY WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

*Minerva Press,*  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M. DCC. XCVI.

48496.24.15



Greenough fund

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3187  
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"You will know that hereafter," replied one of them; which was the only answer she could gain; her sighs passed unregarded on the floating breeze, and as well might she have craved pity from the furious tiger, as have moved the stony hearts of those unfeeling wretches.

On the second night they made their destined port, and went on shore, having previously placed a bandage over the eyes of their victim. They continued their walk for some time, and ascended several flights of stairs, then stopping, released her sight, and she found herself in a spacious gothic room, from whence the men withdrew, leaving her to the care of a female attendant.

She threw herself into a chair, and besought the interposition of the Almighty in her favour.

"Look down, oh heaven!" she cried, "upon an injured helpless female, who has

no hope of succour but from thy all gracious hand!"

"Having paused awhile, her beauteous countenance clouded with grief, she addressed the woman.

"For mercy's sake!" she exclaimed, "tell me where I am, and for what detained?"

"Dear lady," replied Alice, so was the attendant called, "do not ask me, I must not satisfy you; my Lord Fitzallan would never forgive me, was I to disclose one circumstance that he wishes concealed. To be sure this castle belongs to him, and he has been in love with you for a long time: he employed Stephen in the business, who personated a Knight to impose on you, and your father. In sooth, I cannot say much in his favour, for making himself a party in such a black affair; for black it certainly was: he intended to pass a sham marriage on you, and

and would then have resigned you to his master. I have been intrusted in the whole affair, because they knew my fidelity and secrecy was to be relied on: nevertheless, I cannot approve their doings; but I am resolved to keep my opinion to myself for all that."

"Well," said Emma, assuming as much feigned composure as she could, "I suppose I am to continue here a prisoner!"

"Indeed I do not know," returned the attendant; "it is the worst thing in the world for a domestick to betray the secrets of her employer. You are not absolutely a prisoner to be sure; though, I believe, you will be locked up here till you consent to what my Lord requires of you."

Emma turned pale.

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed Alice, "what ails you, lady? I am afraid you do not much

covet the honor he designs you: I say nothing; he is a good master to be sure, and, notwithstanding, he cut Joseph's head in twain the other day, for not bringing him his helmet when he asked for it; and almost murdered the old porter, for admitting a woman with a petition; yet, I dare say, he will be very tender to you."

"Why you have given me a sufficient proof of the tenderness of his disposition, I confess," quoth Emma.

"Nay, as to the matter of that," replied Alice, "he was in a passion at the time, for which all his servants blame him, and mention his conduct to every one that comes near the castle: but, for my part, I despise such paltry work: thank my stars! I can hear all, see all, and say nothing: silent as a Turkish mute, or I should not have been so long in my Lord's family. I never blab, never! his bringing damsels here is nothing to me; and, though he does so every week,  
I would



I would scorn to say as much even to my own sister."

"Gracious heaven," cried Emma, "what will become of me!"

"Nay, do not give way to melancholy neither," returned the waiting maid, "if it is agreeable to you, I will call old Sandy, our minstrel, who is lately come from the north, and he shall play a Scottish air, or dance a Highland fling, or any thing you may please."

"You are very kind," said the fair captive, "but my mind is out of tune, and the harmony you mention would be lost on me."

"Oh, bless you!" quoth Alice, "there is not much harmony in Sandy's bag-pipes, though, for certain, he makes a charming noise with them sometimes. But, madam, as you are not disposed for merriment, sup-



pose you go to bed: for my own part, I am very drowsy, but I would scorn to say so if my eye-strings cracked."

"I will," replied Emma, "and, if I imagined you would not think it intruding on your good nature, I should request you to partake of my couch."

"Why, as to that matter," said the attendant, "I should have no objection, only—only—"

"Only what?" interrogated the fair prisoner.

"Why I have heard strange stories of the next room where you will sleep; they say it is haunted: I would not propagate such a report for the universe; though I believe it is true nevertheless."

"I fear not that," returned Emma, "and if you can insure my safety from the living inhabitants

inhabitants of this place, I shall not be much alarmed at any others. But pray, what reason have you for your assertion?"

"Assertion!" cried Alice, "I do not assert any such thing, I only say it is so: you must know lights are very often seen in that chamber, and no person can tell how they come there. And, indeed, what is it to any body? 'though some people are so fond of the sound of their own tongue, that they will say any thing, rather than be silent. But, indeed, madam, you had better withdraw, it grows very late."

"I will," quoth the afflicted maiden, "for the present, therefore farewell."

She then took a taper, and, unlocking a door which her attendant informed her was that of her apartment, retired for the night, while the grating of the key convinced her she was indeed a captive.

She looked around the room; it was most desolate and dreary; a few sticks were formed into a fire, which was insufficient to dry the chilly damps that trickled down the hangings; the horror of her situation recurred, if possible, with double force.

"Just God," she exclaimed, "if thy all-righteous power permit those souls, that have quitted this their mortal clay, to wander upon earth again, even such a spot as this must be their sad resort. To thee, however, I commend myself; with thy impenetrable shield over-shadow me; and, if it be thy will that I experience the calamities which seem to threaten, endue me, I beseech thee, with fortitude to bear them!"

She now reclined upon her couch; but the aid of renovating sleep, that wished suspension of our earthly cares, fled her pillow. Throughout the night the chilly north wind whistled through her grated window, and shook the tattered tapestry; while from the  
lofty

lofty turrets, the croaking raven, and portentous screech-owl, in dismal concert filled the dusky air.

On Alice tapping at the door in the morning, she arose languid and unrefreshed; and, going to the casement, what was her astonishment, when she beheld from thence the valley, in which she had passed her youth; the habitation in which she first drew her breath, and the bank whereon she had frequently listened to the artless tale of Leonard! Cruel, painful retrospection! How different her present state; captive to a wretch she despised, and possibly never to see her lover more! she knew not at the time, that in the very room where she had spent the night, the object of her tenderness had passed one before!

On quitting the chamber, she was accosted by her attendant, who inquired how she had rested?"

"Alas!" returned Emma, "never shall I know rest again!"

"Do not talk in that manner, dear madam," quoth Alice, "my Lord is coming to visit you; he charged me not to utter a word to you about it; and I must acknowledge one thing; notwithstanding what people say of his being so bad a man, which I would not do for the world, nay, not even repeat it, for tale-bearers are as bad as tale-makers, they say; yet he must at least be a sensible one, by selecting me for his confidential domestick!"

With these words she left the apartment; but had scarce disappeared, when Edmund entered, with all the deep dissimulation in his countenance, of which he was so complete a master.

"Welcome," he said, "thrice welcome to the castle of Fitzallan: since it was founded,

ed, never did so bright a trophy, as thy lovely self, enter its walls."

The heart of Emma, like boiling water in a confined vessel, was bursting her breast with indignation.

She replied, "I do not, nor do I wish to understand the purport of this studied compliment: but, I charge thee, tell me for what I am detained? What right hast thou to tear me from my friends, and to confine me in this barbarous manner from those most dear to me?"

"Ah, Emma!" cried Fitzallan, "to love alone impute the offence, if it be one, or to your own bright charms. Long I have struggled with my passion, and fought to drive the urchin from my heart, but all in vain; for even now, thus beauteous as thou standest before me, his arrows doubly pierce me, and I entreat your hand. Consent but to be mine, I will make you mistress of my wide



wide domain, and place thee in a sphere that Princesses would envy."

"For shame," my Lord!" quoth the maiden, "profane not the sacred epithet of love, by bestowing it upon your guilty flame: how poor, how base, how unworthy of the blood you boast, has been your conduct. Think you nobility can sanction villany? No! though with impunity your deeds may pass on earth, yet, be assured, there is a judge with whom your title will not aught avail; where the departed spirit of the indigent shall cry for vengeance on the vicious great; nor cry in vain!"

Fitzallan gazed on her, rivetted with admiration to the spot, such is the power of virtue; till awaking from his reverie; "No more of this dull stuff," he said, "which fordid Monks preach to the doating part of human-kind, to rob them of their gold; but oh! speak kindly to me."

"Never!"

"Never!" replied Emma; "here, before that Deity you have so much offended, I solemnly declare I never will be your's; but pine my life, if such must be the alternative, in this gloomy dungeon!"

"Indeed! Is it even so?" exclaimed Edmund, irritated at her indifference; "I know full well for whom I am thus scorned; the beggar Leonard has your heart; I, however, have your person; let then your love-sick swain tune his discordant pipe amidst surrounding branches, or beside some flowing rill; I will feast myself on more substantial joys. You are in my grasp, remember, nor all the earthly, all the heavenly powers, shall tear you from me."

"Can you think so meanly of me," she cried, "as to suppose your threats can terrify me into what my heart abhors? My innocence, like the solid rock that braves the billows, is proof against your menaces and  
arts,

arts, and alike despises your frothy eloquence and malice."

With fury in his looks, Fitzallan now darted from the room, and left the afflicted Emma to her sorrows. Long, however, she was not permitted the sad consolation of venting her grief in private, as Alice presently made her appearance.

"In the name of the blessed virgin!" she said, "what possesses my Lord? I never saw him in such a passion before: he raves like a madman; swears you shall be his, let the consequence be what it may: and, as that is the case, you had better be so in an honest way if you can, you know."

The injured maiden returned no answer to her attendant's advice; indeed, she hardly heard it. Frequently she was persecuted by the addresses of Edmund, who visited her daily, but to no purpose; her vows were pledged:

pledged to Leonard, and she shuddered even at the thought of breaking her plighted faith.

The talkative, and facetious Alice, was her constant companion, and strove to cheer the drooping spirits of her prisoner.

As on the first morning, so she continued to knock at the chamber door of Emma, at the usual hour of rising. One day, however, no answer was given; she tapped again, and again all was silent; she then unlocked the portal, and went in, but the apartment was void; the mark where Emma had thrown herself upon the bed, was the only vestige that remained. Terrified, she descended to the kitchen, and informed the domesticks the young lady was gone.

"Gone!" quoth one, "How? Where was she kept?"

"In

"In the *Black Tower*," said Alice, "and I am sure the ghost has taken her away."

"Peace!" cried Gregory the steward, in a peremptory tone, or you shall rest there to night, and then, perhaps, the *ghost* will carry you away; let me advise you to restrain your speech, or, by the blessed crucifix! there will I confine you."

"No, for heaven's sake, good master steward, don't lock me up there: believe me I was ignorant that the ghost," (Gregory frowned,) "I mean the gentleman, that they say lives in the *Black Tower*, was a friend of your's, or I would have sooner died, than mentioned him with disrespect."

"Silence!" exclaimed the steward, "once more let me counsel you to keep a curb upon your tongue, or ——"

"You will clap a padlock upon it, I suppose."

"This

"This is too much," cried Gregory,  
"Peace, I command you!"

Alice promised obedience, and kept her word; the terror of the *Black Tower* did more than the idea of any human power—it silenced her.

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## CHAP. II.

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The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
 And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades  
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,  
 Clip dead mens graves, and, from their mitty jaws,  
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

SHAKESPEARE.

—'Tis dreadful!

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,  
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,  
 To bear aloft it's arch'd and pondrous roof!  
 By its own weight made stedfast, and immoveable.  
 Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe  
 And terror to my aking sight! The tombs  
 And monumental caves of death look cold,  
 And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.

CONGREVE.

IT is now proper to make mention of the  
 means by which Leonard had escaped  
 from the dungeon, wherein he had been so  
 unjustly

unjustly confined. On the day preceding the death of the wretched Gertrude, she entered his prison, and liberated him; at the same time saying, "She would, in a short time, give him a strong proof of her affection, when she hoped to find him less indifferent."

The Knight hardly made her an answer, but, with Owen, sallied from the castle in quest of his adored mistress. Long, very long, did he continue his search; above half the Isle of Albion did he traverse, but without effect; no trace, or clue, could he obtain to guide him.

One evening, just as they entered on a dreary heath, the dismal aspect of the clouds foretold an approaching storm, which speedily followed its melancholy harbinger: big thunder rattled over their heads, and shook the earth even to its foundation; sulphurous flames flashed, at intervals, across the glade, and disclosed the horrors of the dreary landscape.

Leonard

fight a luxurious landscape, adorned with enamelled meadows, whereon the herd, in wanton gambol, nipped their verdant food; the ocean, scarcely ruffled by a breath of zephyr, was smooth and glassy; while, in the western horizon, the golden rays of the departing phœbus danced on its watery bosom, and the white cliffs of Albion finished this enchanting scene; in which they were so lost, that they thought not of returning till the falling mist, and the decrease of light, cautioned them to retrace their steps; they did so, but, as they proceeded, their way was obstructed by a band of armed men, who seized on Emma, and forced her, spite of her tears and shrieks, into a shallop, leaving Julia upon the sands, wringing her hands in anguish, and conjuring them, by every solemn adjuration, to release her friend. Deaf alike to the solicitations of both, the ruffians spread their sail, and bore away their prize; who, with all the eloquence of beauty, entreated them to tell her where she was going, and for what purpose?"

"You

Leonard, who was unused to any exclamation of joy upon these occasions from Owen, inquired the cause.

"Oh! I have cause enough," replied he, "only look to your left."

The Knight did so, and beholding a glimmering light at some distance, spurred towards it. On his near approach he found it proceeded from the window of a gothic mansion, which he judged to have been a monastery, but was almost fallen to decay: large fragments of the ruin, covered with moss, and half buried in the ground, were scattered about: a number of old elm trees, through whose foliage the wind sighed with a melancholy sound, cast a deep shade upon the dreary pile; and the ivyed battlements were now the receptacle of the airy carrion, whose hoarse notes swelled the rumbling storm.

Leonard knew not whether to proceed or retire; Owen advised the latter, which he  
himself

himself considered most prudent ; but thinking he might possibly gain some refreshment, of which they were in great need, he resolved to venture. Unsheathing his sword, therefore, and recommending himself to the divine protection, he boldly advanced ; while his courageous 'Squire, who shook as though he had had an ague, reluctantly followed, saying, "*By the valour of my Ancestors !* it is all over with us !"

They now entered the gate, which conducted them into a spacious court-yard, overgrown with weeds ; there they fastened their steeds, and from thence gained the chapel.

"For the love of mercy, sir !" quoth Owen, who could no longer conceal his fears, "do not go any farther ; my courage is leaving me !"

"Silence," cried his master, "and, if you are afraid to accompany me, tarry where you are."

"I will,"



"I will," replied Owen, "and now, Saint David and Saint George, if you are the good natured gentlemen we are taught to believe, get me out of this infernal place, and do what you please with me."

Meanwhile the Knight perceived, by a faint beam of moon-light which darted through the painted casements, a stair-case; determined to discover where it led to, he instantly ascended, and, having gained the summit, found himself in a narrow passage, through which, with much difficulty, he made his way; but had not far advanced, 'ere he received a violent blow upon the cheek; and, at the same time, a mournful wind howled through the various avenues of the monastery. He started with terror; big drops of sweat stood on his temple; his knees in violent agitation smote their fellow, and he rushed forward in all the horror of despair; till, turning a corner of the passage, he perceived a faint light stream through the gloom; he approached, and found it came from a spa-  
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cious room, the folding doors of which were ajar ; he entered ; a small taper stood upon a table in the midst of the chamber, but gave so insufficient a light, that one end was wrapt in palpable darkness, and the other scarce broke in upon by a faint beam, that streamed through a large window covered with ivy. The wainscot, of oak, had originally been hung with tapestry, several vestiges of which still clung to it, and the various costly reliques of paintings, and their decorations, gave indisputable evidence of the former grandeur of the place. The dying embers of a recent fire, threw a sickly gleam ; and on the floor were scattered remnants of viands, and half empty flasks of wine.

Weak, and exhausted, this was a cheering sight, and he availed himself thereof ; then, taking the taper, he left the apartment. On going out at the door, he observed another passage to the left, which he resolved to explore ; it was long, and terminated in a kind of consistory, the boards of which appeared  
loose ;

loose; and, 'ere he had taken three steps thereon, the floor gave way with him, and he fell through it.

He arose with much difficulty, and violently stunned, although, fortunately, the spot whereon he dropped, was covered with a quantity of soft earth, that yielded to his weight. He now found himself in a spacious vault, arched in the gothic manner; several large ramified windows in it, and supported by six massy pillars, down whose sides the damp moisture trickled in pigmy rivulets.

Leonard now sought to regain his sword, which, in his fall, he had lost; and, searching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of the body of a man, clammy and putrid. He trembled with horror; his hair stood erect, and his brains grew cold within his head.

A blast of wind now rushed through the vault, and a massy iron door, that grated on

its hinges, slowly opening, presented to his eye a broken stair-case, down which streamed a blue and paly light.

Appalled, Leonard, spite of his resolution, was almost annihilated by surprise and terror; he knelt down, and prayed fervently to that power from whom alone he could expect relief: then, finding himself more calm, he again began to search for his falchion, when a moon-beam falling on the blade, at once restored it to its owner.

He ascended the stairs, at the head of which was a door with a large grate, whence exhaled the light that had attracted his attention. He paused—ardent curiosity prompted him to look through the iron-work—he did so, but, oh God! — — — — — what a spectacle for a lover presented itself!—Emma, his loved Emma, sat within! her cheek reclined upon her hand, and pearly drops of woe trickling down her face.

Leonard's

Leonard's frame was agitated by grief and anger, and he called upon her name; on which the maid uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sunk into a swoon.

The Knight was now doubly distressed; he gave way to all the transports of ungoverned fury, and descended, in hopes of finding some weapon with which he might burst the envious door that separated them. On re-entering the vault, he flew to the window, and, with Alcides' force, wrenched one of the bars that secured it, with which he again repaired to his mistress's dungeon, and sought to gain admission, but in vain; it braved his utmost efforts, and he ceased, weary, exhausted, and hopeless of restoring her to liberty: pausing awhile, again he undertook the arduous task, and with more success; the portal, after a long resistance, yielded, and he caught Emma in his arms!

They now prepared to depart, and had just quitted the dungeon, when the sound

of foot-steps, fast advancing, vibrated on their ears; and, in the same instant, an armed man appeared upon the stairs, who recoiled at seeing the son of Christopher; but recovering himself, he rushed forward, telling him to be upon his guard, when, in the stranger's voice, the Knight recognized that of Fitz-allan.

A fierce combat, sustained on either side with valour, now took place, until the falchion of Leonard piercing the side of his antagonist, gave a passage for his foul soul to quit its body. Just at this period, they observed another person advancing, who, on viewing Edmund prostrate on the ground, precipitately withdrew, and in a moment vanished from their sight.

## CHAP. III.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON perceiving the blood fast-flowing  
from Fitzallan's side, Leonard's anger  
dissolved, like snow before the rays of the  
sun; and the softer dictates of pity entering  
his



his breast, he flew to the assistance of his antagonist, and endeavoured to staunch the wound, from which the purple stream of life rushed with impetuous course.

“Your unmerited care,” quoth the expiring Edmund, “is vain, and tears my mind, worse than your falchion’s edge my mangled body. To that from which I came I now return, and oh! I would to heaven my crimes might end with me! but that is hopeless; too sure there is a God, whose delight it is to punish those that have dared to violate the sacred precepts of religion, and who will hurl me to the deep bottom of everlasting flames.”

“Think not too hardy of futurity,” said Leonard, “nor fear but the Omnipotent is far too merciful to chastise those, who, by repentance, seek to atone their failings.”

“Alas!” replied Fitzallan, “Do you suppose the penitence of a wretch, that in  
a few

a few short moments will be nothing, can expiate the complication of enormities I have committed? I dare not even hope forgiveness: attend, however, I beseech you to my confession, for sure a darker scene of villany was never revealed to wondering mankind, than that which clogs my bosom!

“The late Lord Fitzallan, my cousin, the best of friends and men, married a woman, the amiable counter-part of himself, with whom he lived a few short years in perfect happiness; till, by his invitation, I went to pass some time with them in Northumberland, when my heart was instantly caught by the beauty of his consort: an incertuous passion fired me, and vainly were the barriers of reason, and of conscience, opposed against its resistless force. I determined some way to make her mine; and sure the blackest thought that ever invaded the human breast, then entered mine. I formed the horrid resolution of murdering

c 5 *my*

my cousin! the man whose lavish friendship made me what I was!

“ I endeavoured to convince myself it would be acting justly; a thousand ideas, that never before had struck me, now presented themselves. I accused fortune for bestowing on him what I strove to consider my right. Thus, instead of flying from the Syren, who first seduced my heart from rectitude, I drank the fatal poison, and sought an antidote in blood.

“ Having prepared two ruffians, and given them their orders, I enticed my unsuspecting cousin from the castle, and making our peregrination long, contrived not to return till twilight; then proposed our walking homeward by the cliff. We did so, and, passing by the eastern point, which you remember is overgrown with lofty oaks, suddenly my bravoës issued from the thicket, and attacked him: he defended himself with valour, and doubtless would have been victorious,

torious, which I observing, drew my sword, and plunged it in his body! he turned, cast a look of mournful reproach at me, and, like great Cæsar, when the blade of his loved Brutus pierced him, with a deep sigh he died!

“ Wretch as I was, the arrows of compunction reached my heart, and I would willingly have resigned my life, could I but have restored him. My repentance, however, was but short; and my next consideration was, how to dispose of the corpse. One of the villains was for casting it into the sea; but I, more wary than my colleague, recollected the tide might throw it on the sands, and thereby discover the execrable deed. They proposed, however, to strip him, and concealing his garments, to disfigure his features, and then commit him to the waves. I consented, and these inhuman wretches having mangled his countenance, that the eye of his widowed wife could not have recognized him, threw him from the precipice.

"I tarried with the bravoes till it was dark, then returned to the castle, and, entering it privately, retired to a remote part with the gory habillements, and deposited them in a small closet, which no one, save my cousin, who had shewn it me, was acquainted with; then smoothing my features, I repaired to the apartment of Arthur's consort.

"She was setting in much agitation for the unusual absence of her lord, concerning whom she questioned me. I begged her to be silent on that subject, and to consider me henceforward by that name. These words I was about to accompany with a warm embrace, but she repulsed me."

"Villain," she cried, "tell me, I charge thee, where is thy cousin?"

"Spite of my fixed resolve not to be trifled with, I shrunk abashed; my warm circling blood stood, like the stagnate pool,  
cold,



cold, and unmoving, in my veins, and my courage, as the black mist of night disperses at the chearful sight of day, evaporated.

"I faintly answered I knew not; but from the agitation of my frame, and my abrupt declaration, she judged the worst."

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "produce my husband, or dread the vengeance of an enraged woman!"

"She arose from her seat, and was about to call her people, which I observing, seized her arm, and fastened the door.

"It is to no purpose, I said, your giving way to grief, or anger; they are alike impotent: they neither can recall the dead, nor inflict the vengeance you have threatened on the living.

"I was about to proceed, but the certainty of her Lord's fate banished the spark of  
of



of hope that had glimmered in her heart, and left her a prey to dire conviction; she sunk supine upon the ground, and I, thinking this a fit opportunity to remove her where her cries would not be heard, conveyed her to the *Black Tower*; then carrying thither her two infants, I left them in custody of one of my myrmidons, and retired; but not to rest; conscience, the bane of sleep, haunted my pillow; nor had I closed my eyes, when the first tints of morn broke in upon my window. I then arose, and went to the apartment of my wronged prisoner. But how can I describe my rage, and disappointment, on finding it empty?

“ I instantly summoned my blood-hounds, but only one appeared, the man who has since attended me as my 'Squire; the other was no where to be found. I was almost frantic at this intelligence, and my timid soul furnished that they were gone to lay the case before my king. This idea harassed me, and

and kept my tortured fancy in a continued ruffle. I found it necessary, however, to do more than sit quietly beneath my apprehensions; I therefore collected the domesticks, and informed them my fears were grievous on my cousin's account, who had not been at the castle on the preceding night; that his lady had absconded, which prompted me to suspect she was at the bottom of the mystery wherein his fate was wrapped: that, if so, she had doubtless art to carry her schemes to greater lengths, and possibly we might be all involved in ruin. I therefore conjured them to consider me as an unworthy substitute for their Lord, assuring them they would find me fully as indulgent; and concluded by saying, I hoped, should any force be used against the castle, they would defend it to their utmost power. In short, so plausible was my tale; so fraught with art; and I forced my crocodile tears so plentifully down my face, that every one of them vowed they would die for me, and departed the room, calling

calling for vengeance on their innocent mistress.

“ Thus did I triumph in my villany ; but fear, the shadow of crimes like mine, still disturbed me, and never did I close my eyes, but I dreamed the officers of justice were entering to apprehend me, or that I was suffering the severest agonies of offended law. I racked my brain for a remedy, and, at last, the idea of digging a subterraneous passage occurred.

“ I remained tortured by anxiety for the space of two years, when I was summoned by the King to court. I obeyed reluctantly, and, fearful the horrid deed had transpired, scarce dared to meet my Sovereign’s eye. He, however, quickly dissipated my uneasiness ; consoled with me on my cousin’s mysterious absence ; and invested me as lawful heir, with all his wide domains : from  
that

that period I resided at my paternal castle in the west of England.

“ At times, I used privately to visit my estate, unknown to any of the inhabitants, save my Steward, Gregory, who was in the secret. On these occasions I used to enter the apartment in the *Black Tower*, by means of the subterraneous entrance; and, from the light which then issued from the same, the superstitious constitutions of the peasantry concluded it was haunted. In that room you slept, by my order, and Stephen, through the passage I have mentioned, entered it. Providentially you were not on your couch, or your life had sure been lost. You escaped; but during my 'Squire's sojourn in the valley, he saw your beauteous, virtuous mistress, and the description he gave, inspired me with love and revenge. I instantly, therefore, made him assume the character of a Knight, and, under that disguise, he offered Emma's  
olden father

father to receive her hand, letting him know his pretended wealth.

“The most virtuous of mankind may be lured by gold, and the old man swallowed the gaudy bait; while his daughter not only refused, but fled the place. My trusty emissary, however, traced her to the Isle of Wight, and, by my command, bore her from thence to the castle in the valley, where she remained till I received intimation you were arrived in England; and, fearing you might discover her abode, I removed her to this ruinous monastery, which is now the receptacle of a banditti, who, partly by bribes, and fear, are under my subjection. At the same time, hardened as has been my nature, I feel a satisfaction in telling you, she returns to you chaste as when you left her.

“One thing moreover learn of me, that the ruffians who attacked you in the wood, and, but for the timely interposition of the noble

noble Edgar, had destroyed you, were but the agents of my envy and revenge; unused to be overthrown, I could not bear the reflection of your having vanquished me, and employed those wretches to dispatch you, for which I now ardently supplicate forgiveness."

Leonard having assured him of his pardon; "I thank you," said Fitzallan (then starting, as though horror struck) "Ha!" continued he, "tell me, I entreat, now while I have breath to ask, whose portrait is that you wear around your neck?"

"I know not," said Leonard. "it was given me by my father, with a strict charge never to lose, or part with it: he moreover said, my future happiness depends upon it."

"Indeed!" cried Edmund, "then there are gods whose care it is to reward the innocent, and punish the guilty! Learn of me,



me, thou art not the offspring of the rustic Christopher—noble blood flows in thy veins—thou art ——”

Nature could no more; the glass of life was drained, and he expired, leaving Leonard in a state of uncertainty!

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## CHAP. IV.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,  
 Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,  
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy had  
 And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,  
 Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus flowe,  
 That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,  
 (Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
 Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,  
 Half of thy days doest lead in horreur nedeous.

NSER.

WHEN Edmund breathed no more,  
 the lovers were at a loss how to act;  
 unjustly as he had treated them, Leonard  
 could not bear the idea of leaving his body  
 divested of the common rites of burial.  
 The great law of human nature, however,  
 self-preservation, aided by the fears of his  
 fair

fair companion, predominated, and they quitted this scene of death.

Passing through the chapel, Emma vented a loud shriek, and recoiled with terror. The Knight inquired the cause of her alarm; without answering, she pointed to a monument, upon which the moon darted her watery beams, and discovered part of a man's head. Leonard, advancing to the place, found his mistress's fears were roused by Owen, who, in his panic, had concealed himself behind the sepulchre, and was nearly as stiff, and inanimate, as the clay which it contained.

"Come forth!" cried his master, "thou disgrace to manhood; Come forth, I say!"

"Do not talk, sir! do not talk!" muttered the woful 'Squire, whose teeth chattered, "but down upon your marrow bones, and call upon the saints to relieve us! Would you believe it, it is not long ago since I saw  
my

my old enemy Stephen run across the hall; and, *By the valour of my Ancestors!* I am sure there must be devils in this place, or he would not have been here! Why my great grandfather, Lewellyn, when he was driven amongst the Welch mountains, never underwent more than I have done! Holy Virgin! bless and protect me from all hobgoblins, say I."

Leonard, unmindful of this exclamation, hurried to the court-yard, where, having mounted, they fled across the heath, as the active stag bounds over the lawn when followed by the deep yelling pack that seek his life. Emma's apprehensions were so powerful, it was with difficulty her anxious lover could support her; in every murmur of the breeze she fancied she could distinguish the voices of men: her fears, too, were greatly exaggerated by the cowardice of Owen, who could hardly keep his seat. The son of Christopher upheld her sinking spirits, while  
the

the 'Squire, at every other step, turned his head back toward the building they had just quitted; and suddenly, with a tremor on his voice, requested his master to halt; then desired him to cast his eyes upon the monastery: he did so, and beheld numberless lights from the windows of the gothic fabric, and shortly after torches issue from the gate, which swiftly moved in different directions about the dreary heath, casting a dreadful gleam around, and adding to the horrors of the night, which was most dark and dismal.

The Knight immediately clapped spurs to his steed, and again pursued his course, with all the fleetness he possessed. The lights, however, approached, and he found his pursuers gained upon him. Careless about his own safety, but anxious, even to distraction, about his fair mistress, he knew not how to act. To stay, and combat superior numbers, were sure to lose her, and escape was hopeless.

His mind was harassed by these reflections, when he discovered a beaten track to the right, and as soon resolved to follow it; having rode about a mile, he paused, and, looking towards the road he had just quitted, had the happiness to find the banditti, (for it was them) had taken another course.

Emma, whose apprehensions had hitherto sustained her feeble frame, found, with the danger, her strength evaporate, and, at length, she sunk into a swoon. Leopard instantly consigned her to the care of Owen, and sallied forth in quest of some water to restore her; commanding his 'Squire to tarry in the place where he left him.

The night was wrapped in an indiscriminate darkness, and he traversed the forest for some time, but could discover no spring to supply his wants; when, as he was about to abandon his search, the welcome murmur of a water-fall broke through the stillness that reigned around. He approached, and hav-



ing filled his helmet, returned to the spot where he had left his fellow travellers, but it was void, nor did any vestige remain to inform him which way he should bend his steps in quest of them. He called upon his Emma's name, in a voice of distraction; no answer, however, was received, save by the moping owl, and rustling foliage, which, as in concord with his own feelings, trembled in the blast.

When he had partly shaken off the stupefaction wherein surprise and vexation had enveloped him, he racked his brain in conjecturing whether they had vanished: after a torturing interval, it occurred to him, that the banditti might possibly have overtaken, and captured them, during his absence. This idea was no sooner formed, than confirmed: to the monastery he determined to repair, and release his mistress, or perish in the attempt.

With

With infinite difficulty he retraced the road he had so lately passed: but, alas! how different his sensations! then in possession of what he held most dear on earth; now (like the merchant, who, on the beach, viewing his richly laden vessel, at the moment he thinks himself secure of the wished treasure, is, by the envious rocks and billows, robbed of her for ever,) deprived of what he prized beyond his life.

At length, however, he gained the monastery; and, having fastened his steed to a loose fragment of stone, whereof divers were scattered around, he entered the court-yard, which was filled with horses; these he knew belonged to the banditti; and he rushed forward in the fond hope of finding his lost Emma.

He crossed the chapel, and ascended the staircase, when his ears were invaded by the voices of several people, who appeared in deep discourse. They issued from the apart-

ment before him, and which was the same wherein he had regaled himself. With cautious steps he approached the door, which was not quite closed, and beheld a large group of men therein, and, in the midst of them he discovered Emma. He paused, and heard the following dialogue :

“ 'Tis all in vain,” said one of the banditti, for so they were, “ your seeking to deceive us ; you may as well walk through the stone walls of the monastery, as hope to do it : no, no, we understand our trade better than to be overshot by you.”

“ True,” quoth another, “ and therefore, my dainty damsel, you had as good confess the truth ; and who, besides the cowardly dog we took with you, assisted in the murder of Lord Fitzallan ; for I should as soon expect a gnat to sting a lion to death, as that dastard to overcome a man.”

“ Besides,”

"Besides," cried a third, "we shall stand a severe rebuff from our captain, when he hears of my Lord's death."

"No," replied the second robber, "the sight of this delicious morsel will cool his anger: how happy will he be to have her in his power."

"You are mistaken," exclaimed the man that first spoke, "I was the person that saw her, and was the means of her being retaken; and, as the Lord Fitzallan cannot *conveniently* come to claim her, I shall not tamely give up my right to our commander, Guy. I am not one of those fools that like to sow, and let others reap the fruit of their labour. However, I am not of a covetous disposition, and we will e'en share alike; so let us all round give her a hearty smack: Come, I will begin."

At these words he approached his timid prey, and was about to encircle her with his

rude arms, when Leonard, who could no longer restrain his rage, rushed into the room, and, with a blow from his keen falchion, prevented his purpose, and laid the ruffian insensate on the floor.

In an instant the Knight was surrounded. What could courage effect against such superior numbers? He was disarmed; and, by this time, the prostrate robber having recovered from the blow, which falling on his casque, had only stunned him, now bitterly upbraided him, accusing him with the murder of Fitzallan, and threatening him with death, for the attack the bravo had himself sustained.

"Can'st thou," he concluded, "deny the charge?"

"I do not," replied Leonard, "I slew him in my own defence, and to right the cause of injured virtue. I would also, but for the interference of this thy crew, have sent

sent thee after him. Hearest thou my confession? Now put your boasted threats in execution; but spare yon guiltless female; savage as you are, revere her sex, and let your vengeance fall on me alone: if thou hast no dread at thus offending the Deity, I have no fear in meeting your malicious revenge."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the robber, "we will put your courage to the test.—This moment is your last."

He unsheathed his sword, and his arm was upraised to strike the fatal blow, — —  
— — — — —  
when a man of noble deportment rushed into the room, and commanded the ruffian to with-hold his hand. This, with a growl, was obeyed.

"What!" cried the captain, for so he was, "What can have impelled thee to lift thy weapon against the breast of one disarmed?"



"Why, he lifted his weapon against me when he was armed, and I was determined not to remain in his debt."

"Explain thyself!" said Guy.

"I will," replied the villain, "that fellow, whose part you take, has this very night slain the Lord Fitzallan: nay, never start, by Holy Paul 'tis true! You know that damsel I suppose," pointing to Emma, who had fainted, "he ran away with her, spite of bolts, bars, and locks: but we coming home, and discovering their handy work, went after them, and soon found my lady and one of her accomplices. We brought them back, confined her companion, and I, not meaning any harm, was about to give her a *chaste* embrace, when that miscreant rushed suddenly into the room, and felled me, like an ox, to the ground."

"Cowardly villain!" exclaimed Guy, "vengeful monster! in whose bosom not  
the

the faintest spark of honour, or generosity, glows, how have you dared to violate my orders? How often have I commanded you, on pain of death, to shed no blood but what necessity compelled? Yet wantonly you were about to take the life of a fellow-creature, and that too, when he had no means of opposing thy dastardly intent."

“It is a pity,” returned the culprit, fur-  
lily, “that one, so well qualified for the  
church, should have the command of such  
a noble set of fellows: we had best all turn  
Friars, and convert our habitation to its  
original purpose.”

“ Ha!” cried the captain, “ Do you murmur, reptile? Hence from my sight, and be thankful that your existence does not pay the forfeit of your villany. Release your prisoner instantly,” continued he to his men; then addressing himself to Leonard, “ Tell me, young man, by what miracle

you discovered the dungeon wherein your female was immured?"

The Knight, having by this time recovered Emma, complied with his request, and related every circumstance most veritably. At the conclusion, Guy declared his joy at the demise of Edmund. "You will doubtless," quoth he, "marvel to hear me exult that the wretch is no more: but be assured, though fatally forced to aid him in his crimes, my heart has strenuously abhorred him. He knew each circumstance of this our band, and often threatened, did I not abet his vile enormities, to give us up to the rigorous law. What could I do? Think not so despicably of me, as to suppose fear for my own safety, caused me to assent; but for these my gallant comrades. Alas! my life has been so imbittered by the chalice of misfortune, that I would cheerfully resign it.—But to return to yourself; you are free, you, and your lovely mistress; oblige me only by taking

ing a slight repast, and by tarrying until morn, when the gates shall be open to you.”

Leonard accepted this kindly invitation without fear or distrust; there was an open candour marked the features of his host, that expelled suspicion, and imperceptibly gained the friendship of his beholders: besides, he had declared himself unhappy, which alone was sufficient to claim the interest of our Knight.

Just as supper was produced, Owen, who was now liberated, entered the room; and, on seeing his master, capered for joy like a mad-man.

“Heaven be praised!” said he, “I have at length found you again! What, and a table well larded with provisions? This is a welcome sight. To say sooth, I expected, if ever again I was *brought to table*, to have been served up as a middle dish: for these worthy, good-looking gentlemen, have coop-

ed me up like a bantam fowl, for fattening; and I feared I was destined to satisfy their noble and *canibal-like* appetites."

Without further ceremony, or waiting to be pressed, he seated himself, and attacked the banquet in a vigorous manner, swearing, *By the valour of his Ancestors!* the wine was delicious.

During supper, Leonard attentively observed his host, whose eyes were oft brimful of tears, and whose breast heaved with reiterated sighs. The repast ended, and the followers of Guy withdrawn, the Knight ventured to question him upon the subject.

"Alas!" replied the captain, the drop of sorrow rolling down his manly cheek, "when I behold yourself, and this fair damsel, cruel retrospection pictures the days! days fled for ever! when, blessed with innocence, I sought the hand of Isabel, whose unhappy fate, mingled with my own  
sad

bad destiny, may prove an useful lesson to mankind, to curb the accursed passions of envy and revenge. Listen, if it so please you, and profit by the example."

Leonard bowed assent, and Guy thus commenced his narrative.

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## CHAP. V.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent;  
 From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt  
 A lineage of the greatest, and recount,  
 Among my fathers, names of ancient story,  
 Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued  
 The world by arms and virtue :  
 But that be their own praise :  
 Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,  
 Myself an undefeiver.

ROWE.

“**A**T Seville, a reputed city in the king-  
 dom of Castile, lived Don Pedro de  
 Segovia, a nobleman of birth and fortune.  
 While in his earliest spring of life, ’twas his  
 fortune,

fortune, in a conflict with the Moors, to retake a post that had been involuntarily forsaken by a young officer of the same rank as himself."

"The praises with which his Sovereign and superiors in the army, honoured him, stung the envious soul of Ramirez, so was the officer called, to the very quick; and he omitted no opportunity of expressing his chagrin and disapprobation; though never in such direct terms, as to give Pedro sufficient cause to resent his conduct; who saw, with contempt, the jealous eye with which he was observed."

"At length the tumult of war found a period, and the olive of peace was planted in Spain; the soldiers quitted the clangour of the tented field, for the wished embraces of their loved mistresses; in whose arms they found an adequate reward for all their toil and danger."

"On

“ On Pedro’s return to Seville, he formed an intimacy with a grandee, named Don Fernando de Mendoza, one of the richest and most powerful nobles in all Castile ; at whose mansion Segovia was almost a constant inmate. But the chief magnet that attracted him thither, was the lovely Ximena, only child of his friend, and the staff of his age.”

“ Pedro beheld, and loved her ; on which he implored the assent of Mendoza, who received his suit with joy ; but at the same time referred him to his daughter, refusing to bias her choice, in a circumstance, whereon the future happiness of her life depended.”

“ You have,” said he, pressing the hand of Segovia, “ you have, my dear Pedro, my consent as freely as you have asked it ; you shall also have my wishes for your success with Ximena. More you, with justice, cannot

not ask, nor can I grant: the will is free as air, and never should be restrained. Seldom do parents reflect, that, while they fondly hope they are compelling their offspring to be happy, they too frequently launch them into a sea of misery, without a compass that may steer them back to the coast of felicity."

"Pedro returned Fernando his fervent thanks, and instantly sought the apartment of Ximena. With a hesitative step he approached the portal, and his trembling hand struck gently upon the door, which was opened by the maiden herself. She retreated, blushed at the sight of him, and her eyes, unconscious why, were cast upon the floor."

"Is the sight of me," quoth Pedro, "offensive? If so, how shall I acquire courage to declare the cause of my intrusion?"

This

“ This added to Ximena’s confusion, and she answered not.”

“ Am I, most adorable woman,” he continued, “ to understand this silence as a tacit acknowledgement that my fears are true? If so, as the blue lightning strikes the forest oak, will conviction cleave my heart in twain. After gaining sight of my wished haven, must my bark be wrecked?—Pardon, too lovely Ximena, the incoherency of my language; but the idea of having offended you racks my soul. I come a lowly suitor to you.”

“ Alas! my Lord,” returned the artless maid, “ What boon can a weak woman grant?”

“ Thy love!” exclaimed Segovia, “ Nay, never blush, nor turn averted thus thy countenance; for, by the thousand graces that wanton in thy cheek, unalterably my heart is fixed upon thee!”

He

“ He paused.”

“ Will you,” he then continued, “ refuse me? Having obtained your noble fire’s consent, will you drive from my breast the hope that there resided? Ah! no! sure thy soft bosom cannot contain so loathsome an inmate as is cruelty; ’tis impossible. May I, then, cherish the idea that time will cause you to look with pity on my sufferings, and to reward my love?”

“ I know not,” answered Ximena, “ whether or no it becomes my virgin state, explicitly to declare my sentiments: but, I must frankly own, no force will be laid upon my inclination in obeying the wishes of my father.”

“ Encouraged by this favourable declaration, Pedro conjured his friend to fix the nuptial day; and Fernando, finding his daughter declared her willingness to become  
the



the bride of Segovia, named it; but, in the interim, an accident occurred, that had well nigh blighted their schemes of happiness."

"Some few days previous to the intended marriage, a cavalier waited on Pedro, and presented him this billet."

At these words Guy drew from his breast a letter, which he read to his auditors in the following words.

"Whosoever attempts to gain the heart of a woman, already pledged to another, is a villain, and deserves the chastisement of an injured rival. If Don Pedro dare meet the man he has wronged, and try his sword in single combat, probably fortune may not be so propitious, as when she restored to him the post, unwillingly lost by

RAMIREZ DE MURCIA."

"You

“ You may possibly be surprised,” continued the captain, “ that this letter came into my hands ; but your wonder will cease, when you are told that I am the son of Don Pedro ; my real name Carlos, and that he gave me the billet : but more of that hereafter.”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Owen, “ Well, you will excuse me, but you must be thirsty, methinks, with talking so long. Come, I’ll give you a toast, *Here’s to the skull of the donor !*”

The captain knitted his brows, and Leonard commanded silence.

Owen hastily withdrew the cup from his lips, and bowed in token of obedience ; on which Carlos, so we shall henceforth call him, continued his discourse.

Unconscious of having, in any wise, offended Ramirez, Pedro demanded an explanation,

nation, which the bearer of the letter gave. Saying, "his friend had long made suit to Ximena, and considered his dismissal to arise from a preference given to Segovia; who, having promised to attend the challenger on the subsequent day, was left to his own reflections."

Again he perused the letter, the contents of which somewhat staggered the confidence he had placed in Ximena's truth: he suspected Ramirez had once held a place in her heart, from whence himself had expelled him. If so, might not some lucky rival retaliate upon him? And, at best, was the heart of such a woman, if such she proved, worth his desiring to keep? Again, he accused himself for doubting her fidelity, which, spite of his utmost efforts to the contrary, he did. Resolved to be no longer racked by suspense, he hastened to the castle of Mendoza, and instantly sought the chamber of his mistress, who received him with her accustomed tenderness, and expressed much  
uneasiness

uneasiness at the agitation visible in his countenance.

The slightest web that ever spider wove, will draw a faithful lover back to his duty: and Pedro was on the point of forgetting the purport of his visit; when, collecting all his firmness, and calling to mind that it behoved him, instead of giving way to an unmanly tenderness, to probe the matter to the quick; he, in the course of conversation, as if casually, mentioned the name of Ramirez; at the same time fixing his eyes steadily on her face; but no trace of guilt could he discover there: virtue and candour adorned the pages of her heart, to which the former was an index.

Pedro now bade adieu to distrust, and resolved to support his claim to her, in defiance of every rival that might oppose him.

On the subsequent day he met Ramirez, who received him with every mark of resentment.

ment. "Come, sir," said he, "I tarried for you, let us now decide who is to bear away the fleece for which we do contend: but this remember, or one, or both of us must fall; I am here fixed on losing my own life, or of taking thine: therefore reflect 'ere 'tis too late."

"Would'st thou," returned Segovia, nettled to the quick, "drive me from the field, by telling me of the danger I must face? Oft hast thou viewed this arm scoring the swarthy heads of infidels. Didst ever see me turn my back upon an enemy? No. What is there so appalling in the name of Murcia, then, that I should use reflection 'ere I encounter him?"

"Enough," exclaimed Ramirez, "curse on this woman's war!—Defend yourself!"

"They then attacked each other, and, for a while, conquest hung doubtful in the scale; but the furious passes made by Ramirez,

rez, void of all rule, gave his adversary the advantage; whose sword entered his breast, and he fell, incarnading the earth around him."

"Pedro offered his assistance; but the friend who accompanied him, painted, in such strong colours, the danger that awaited him, should Ramirez expire (which indeed appeared but too probable) that he precipitately withdrew from the field of combat, and remained at the mansion of a kindred, until the issue of Murcia's wound was known."

"For several days he received a favourable account thereof; but, at length, he heard that his antagonist had resigned his breath; conjuring his relatives, on his death-bed, not to pursue the rigour of the law against Don Pedro."



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CHAP. VI.  

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—But oh! what form of prayer can serve my turn?  
Forgive me my foul murder!  
That cannot be.——

SHAKESPEARE.

SOON after the demise of Ramirez, Don Pedro espoused Ximena: but, though blest with the woman he adored, and basking in the sun-shine of his sovereign's favour, his happiness was not unalloyed. The death of the ill-timed Murcia, cast a thick shade over his

his prospect of felicity, that greatly diminished it, and he retired from the noise and bustle of the court, to his paternal fields."

"But, 'though withdrawn from the officers of state, he fully discharged the duties of a man. His constant study was to rescue merit from oppression; to oppose unjust power; to reclaim the vicious, and reward the meritorious. Many joyful hearts, over a crackling fire, and a frugal repast, have blest the hand that furnished the means."

"How few are like him? How few endowed with prosperity, consider the debt they owe to Providence? And which they ought to seek to cancel, by dispersing, like the sun his genial rays, their bounty on all around them."

"Pardon this digression, 'tis a tribute to a revered, departed parent."

“ My mother, at the time she gave birth to my unhappy self, presented to the world another son. Alphonso, so he was called, was also the brother of my heart; in his society no wish remained ungratified; and in this envied intercourse of mutual friendship and affection did we continue, till we attained the age of manhood; when the black cloud of fortune was about to pour, from its scowling aspect, the torrent of misery, and to overwhelm us both therein.”

“ From early infancy the love of arms had fired my breast: with avidity I listened to the battles my father recounted, and longed to imitate the example of the heroes whose names he mentioned. In short, I determined no longer to bury my youth in idleness, but to seek for fame in the field of glory.”

“ Alphonso wished much to accompany me, but that my parents positively refused.”

“ No,”

"No," quoth Don Pedro, "we cannot part with both; Alphonso tarries here with us; but do you, my Carlos, go where honour calls. In the fond hope of again seeing you, we shall endeavour to bear your absence with fortitude. But, rather than your existence should be prolonged at the expence of fame, I would your blood might enrich the scorching sands of Africa. Return, my son, crowned with laurels, or return no more."

"A few days after, (the period fixed for my departure) my father requested me to attend him into the garden, and, with many a sigh, informed me of what I have already recounted, and presented me the letter I have just shewn you."

"I now bade adieu to my paternal mansion, and, attended by a faithful servant of my father's, named Vasquez, and a few other followers, commenced my journey for the Christian camp, and arrived the very day a  
E 3 battle;

battle, on which depended the fate of Spain, was about to be decided."

" My heart beat high within me, and I longed for the onset, which soon took place : the brazen cymbals clashed in the air ; the hoarse trumpet swelled the gale ; and the hollow drum called us to the attack. The Moors, with head-strong zeal, and screams of Alla, rushed furiously on ; while the Christians, recommending their cause to their blessed Redeemer, stopped their career, and, at length, forced the infidels to fly before the consecrated banner."

" Several skirmishes afterwards took place ; for the Moors were so disheartened, as well as diminished, by their late losses, that they contented themselves with harassing us on every occasion that offered ; and, at last, sued for peace : which being granted, our victorious army quitted the field, and, on their return, were welcomed by the acclamations of their countrymen."

" On

“ On my journey homeward, I, one evening, stopped to question a cavalier concerning my way to the next town. He informed me, the nearest was a good three leagues from thence, and that, moreover, the road was so bad, he would advise me to tarry till the following day; adding, if I would accept a night's lodging, the doors of his castle were open to me.”

“ I accepted the invitation, and accompanied him to his mansion, where I was entertained in a manner that fully evinced the hospitality of the owner.”

“ A fair lady, the daughter of my host, graced the table, and my eyes feasted themselves on her beauties. In the morning I arose, and, with an aching heart, bade them farewell. They kindly pressed me to prolong my visit, and I joyfully caught at the proposal, and remained at the castle, drinking still deeper of the cup of love.”



"I had been several days there, when, one stormy evening, in passing the chamber of Isabel, the heavenly accents of her tongue arrested my steps, and I paused at the door."

"Alas!" said she, "ye tempestuous elements! cease your direful conflict: too much do you resemble the war within my breast. Oh Carlos! Carlos!"

"Here her voice seemed to be choked by sighs; I could contain no longer, but, rushing into the room, I threw myself at her feet, and owned my love."

"While in this situation, the chamber door was suddenly opened, and her father appeared at the threshold. He started, frowned, and retired; but, in a few minutes, returned, and, with a solemnity in his manner, requested me to attend him to his closet. I took up a taper, and was about to follow him."

"You

“ You need not trouble yourself,” quoth he, “ to bear a light.”

“ I set it down again, and attended him to his own room. He threw himself into a chair, and continued for some time buried in reverie; when, seeming to recollect himself, he approached the door, and fastened it, then seated himself, and broke silence in the following terms.”

“ When I admitted you, an unknown guest, beneath my roof, I little thought you would reward me, by seeking the destruction of my child.”——

“ He was about to continue his discourse, but I interrupted him.”

“ My Lord,” said I, “ banish the thought from your bosom. Most solemnly I swear, holy Maria! hear my prayer! that my passion is pure as white robed innocence! That I love the gentle Isabel 'tis true; and, if I gain

gain your approbation of my passion, I am happy: but rather would I pine my life away in unavailing woe, than repay your kindness with ingratitude."

"Enough," he cried, "But tell me, what sureties have I that thy love is constant; and not of that fickle and airy nature, that every idea of interest will cause to vary?"

"Whatever proof you may demand, my Lord," quoth I, "consistent with the honor of a Spaniard, Saint Jago be my witness! I am ready to give it you."

"Mark me," said he, "Some twenty years ago, then in the prime and heyday of my blood, it was my lot to be enslaved by one, the most lovely, yet cruel of her sex; and the disappointment to view her carried off by an exulting rival, the powers of love, and of revenge, I own, were partly smothered in me; until the situation wherein I found  
you,

you, blew up the latent sparks, that still lurked in my bosom, into a flame. And, though too late to indulge the former, my soul shall satiate her with revenge. Know, too, this rival lives in peace, and happiness, while I am the victim of misery. Now, mark me well," (continued he, in a low tone, and drawing nearer to me,) "this man I would have dispatched; and you, if that your love is constant as you assert, must be his executioner."

"He paused awhile, and then proceeded."

“ Ha ! dost hesitate ? Nay, thou must, for that way, only, canst thou gain my child : let not, then, the bug-bear, conscience, startle thee, but brace thy manhood to the deed. The name of this accursed rival, who, like a deadly spider crawls in my imagination, and whom I would have brushed from earth, is Pedro de Segovia !——Pierce his very heart ; and, when you strike, tell him the

E 6

blow

blow is to revenge the wrongs of Ramírez de Murica !”

“ A peal of thunder, at that instant, shook the dome ; and a flash of lightning exhibited, to me, the features of Ramírez, (for he it was) distorted by rage ; while mine were convulsed with horror. There was no time, however, for meditation, as he pressed me for my answer ; again reminding me, that on it rested my hopes of Isabel.”

“ My Lord,” replied I, “ dearer than life is your fair daughter to me : but even her, and the rich East to boot, I would resign, rather than wade to the possession through a sea of blood.”

“ ’Tis well,” he cried, with a sneer, “ I knew where your boasted tenderness would end : but, if your love is constant, as you would wish me to think, once more reflect ; for, by Saint Jago ! on no other terms you have my child.”

“ My

“My Lord,” quoth I, “you have already my determination; nor will you find me waver. How tottering would be the foundation of my happiness, when the base, whereon I reared it, was *parricide*!”

“Ramirez started from his seat, and, in a tone of surprise, reiterated, *parricide*!”

“Yes;” answered I, “in me you behold the offspring of Don Pedro de Segovia: but yet, alas! he is not the happy mortal you have described; the supposition of being your murderer, harrows his feelings, and comfort is a stranger to his bosom.”

“Indeed!” cried Murcia, exultingly, “then doth it return to mine: his misery alone is my delight. For thee, instantly quit my castle, or woe upon thy head!”

“Hear me, my Lord, I beseech thee!” replied I, “let not ill-timed revenge cause you to refuse me your fair daughter: consent

to



to give her to me, and let the union heal the breach between our houses."

"Ha! What sayest thou, boy?" exclaimed he, "Dost mean to insult me? Thinkest thou I would condescend to take the hand of him that overthrew me? Never, never will I forgive it! Know, stripling, 'twas by my desire, the report of my death was propagated: and here have I since resided, chewing the bitter cud of retrospection. The world became disgusting to me, from the moment Pedro vanquished me; and my hatred to him, and to his blood, ends only in the grave. But I debase myself, to exchange a word with one sprung from his loins. Instant be gone, nor blast me longer with thy loathed sight!"

"The obduracy of Ramirez dispersed every hope, and I was compelled to depart, without the consolation of even a parting interview with Isabel."

"I mounted

“ I mounted my horse, and quitted the castle, with an aching heart. At one of the windows sate my loved mistress ; on which I halted, and gazed upon her beauteous face, ’till, actuated by a sudden gust of desperation, I clapped spurs to my courser, and, at full speed, departed.”

“ The agitation of my spirits had so strongly affected me, that a fever ensued almost immediately on my arrival at the castle of Segovia, and, for several weeks, confined me to my couch, and bade defiance to all the skill that the most famed doctors of Seville exerted in my behalf.”

“ One morn, on awaking, I found Alphonso seated by me ; who, taking my hand, thus addressed me.”

“ Tell me, Carlos, by the affection of our youth, and by every solemn tie, I adjure you, tell me the cause of thy despondency. ’Tis evident thy disease baffles the art of medicine,

medicine, and, much I fear thy mind is ill at ease."

"Finding I replied not, he thus continued."

"Is there ought, my dear brother, I would conceal from thee? Or do you think me unworthy of your confidence, that you trust not to me the cause of thy melancholy? By heaven! I swear, whatever it may be, it never passes my lips!"

"The warmth and affection with which his words were uttered, encouraged me to confess my passion for Isabel. He heard me out, and conjured me to be of comfort; advising me to bear up against my grief, and that, so soon as my strength should be restored, to bear away my mistress, if possible, from the mansion of her unjust father."

"This idea gave me new life, and I mended daily. When perfectly recovered,  
I again

I again quitted the mansion of my ancestors, never to see it more, attended by the faithful Vasquez, and two other servants, and soon gaining the neighbourhood of Ramirez's castle, took up my abode at a hut, within the distance of a mile from thence."

"When the sun had retired beneath the western horizon, and darkness was diffused over the earth, I used, with anxious step, to walk around the walls that contained my Isabel; and gained a melancholy consolation by gazing on the mansion where she resided."

"One night, alas! while I recount it, wherefore does my heart not crack its cordage? One fatal night, I descried, by the faint beams of the moon, a man lurking beneath the castle walls. I stopped, and, shortly after, saw a female descend from thence, in whose person I recognized that of Isabel!"

"Rage and indignation overcame me; and, calling on the stranger to defend himself,

self, I furiously attacked him : my sword entering his body, he staggered, and I endeavoured to repeat the blow ; but the daughter of Ramirez rushing between us, received the point of my falchion in her breast."

" Seeing her fall, I instantly flew to her aid. Santa Maria !" she exclaimed, " Is it my Carlos ? Alas ! lose not a thought on me, but give assistance to thy generous, wounded brother !"

" I was almost petrified ; and, fast as my tottering frame would suffer, approaching the spot where my antagonist laid, discovered the features of Alphonso ; his eyes closed in death !"

" Unknowing what I did, I returned to Isabel ; who, struggling with mortality, informed me my brother had found means to convey a letter to her, mentioning the method he had planned for her escape, and that  
he

he had, that night, contrived to effect his purpose."

" Scarce had she unravelled the mystery of Alphonso's presence there, 'ere she expired, leaving me in a state, bordering on madness.."

" Alas!" exclaimed I, " hapless brother, and unfortunate Isabel!—Like the sun shine of an April morn, are our dreams of happiness suddenly lowered by the clouds of mischance! and, as the over-whelming tempest tears the sweet plants of earth from their bed, has my destructive arm beat to the ground the fairest flower of nature!—Just heaven! Are there no bolts, armed with uncommon vengeance, to hurl against the head of such a wretch as I am? A murderer! a fratricide! a monster! unfit to taint the ambient air with my pestiferous breath!"

" My strength here forsook me, and I sunk to the ground, in a state of insensibility.  
Blessed,



Blessed, happy state ! would I had so remained !——But the quiver of misery was not yet exhausted ; my breast was destined for its shafts, and miserably have they mangled me !”

“ On returning reason, I found myself in the arms of my faithful Vasquez.”

“ Saint Jago !” he cried, “ My worthy young master, what means this dismal scene ?”

“ It means,” returned I, “ that you behold a murderer ! the butcher of a kind brother, and a faithful mistress !”

“ On hearing this, Vasquez approached the body of Alphonso ; and, descrying his face, exclaimed, in a tone of wild affright, Oh ! horror ! horror !”

“ This

“ This irritated me : I considered it as an infringement on my rights of sorrow, and commanded him to leave me.”

“ Canst thou, old man,” I cried, “ shew me thy hand steeped in the precious gore of him that turned with thee ? Canst thou proclaim thyself the slaughterer of virgin innocence, or lay thy hand upon thy heart, and say, here is the grand criterion of villany ? No. Why then intrude upon my griefs, and strive to mock me with thy puny sorrow ? Leave me.”

“ Good heaven !” cried he, “ How little do you know me !—Mock you ? It is not in my nature : leave you I cannot.”

“ Instant be gone,” I exclaimed, “ or thy blood shall intermingle with the hapless pair before thee !”

“ I will not,” returned the affectionate creature, “ pardon my first act of disobedience ;

dience ; but now I cannot quit you, though death be the alternative. Behold my breast : strike deep your sword : my old veins, though shallow, will pour forth the spring of life ; and the last dying accents that hover on my lips, shall bless my master's heir."

" The manner in which his words were uttered, somewhat calmed my rage ; but the sense of guilt returned with aggravated force, and, in a paroxysm of despair, I cast myself beside the inanimate bodies."

" My trusty Vasquez, however, fearful I should be discovered in that situation, with the assistance of my two other servants, removed me from this scene of death, and conveyed me in a litter towards my paternal mansion."

" I raved, I supplicated them to release, and suffer me to return to the manes of my slaughtered Alphonso, and Isabel : but deaf

were they to my menaces, and entreaties, and bore me to the castle of Don Pedro."

"The distracted state in which I appeared before him, excited his admiration; but when Vasquez informed him of the fatal truth, his grief was only secondary to my own, and redoubled mine: a fever was the consequence, which, for a long period, deprived me of reason. On returning sense, what were my feelings, on beholding the attendants, who surrounded me, in mourning weeds? My foreboding heart presaged the worst; and I questioned them, in vain, for whom they were worn."

"Vasquez, at last, imparted all to me: my father, heart-broken for the loss of Alphonso, had sunk an early victim to the grave; and my mother, the world no longer having any charms for her, had embraced a religious life, and thrown herself within the cloysters of a nunnery."

"To

“To describe my feelings, on receiving this account, would be a fruitless attempt: my passions, 'tis true, were abated, but had sunk into a despondency still more insupportable.”

“Having rewarded my servants, and particularly my Vasquez, I bade an eternal adieu to Castile, and sailed for England; every part of the globe being alike indifferent to me.”

“Arriving in the neighbourhood of this place, I rested one night at a small house, the abode of a shepherd, who, in the course of conversation, informed me, this monastery was the receptacle of banditti; interlarding his discourse with the various plans exercised by them, to lay the adjacent country under contributions.”

“Instantly the thought of enlisting amongst them, flashed, like lightning, across my brain: I considered myself a being, unfit

fit to mix in the society of men, and looked upon these wretches as most proper for me to herd with. I joined them, and was, soon after, elected, by general consent, their chief: yet since my sojourn here, my hand has been guiltless of shedding human blood, and I have strove to allay the savage nature of my comrades."

"I have no friend, no tie, on earth; the world is a wide waste to me; I look forward, with avidity, for the moment when, in the grave, my crimes and memory will, I hope, be buried together."

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CHAP. VII.

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Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!  
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side  
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil:  
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.

HOME.

HERE the Captain pausing, Leonard and Emma retired to their several apartments for the night; and scarce had the latter dropped into a slumber, when she was awakened by a knocking at her chamber.

Alarmed, she inquired who it was?

" 'Tis I, Leonard:" replied a voice in a whisper, " Rise instantly, for even now a plot is forming against our lives. Curfed be the crafty Guy! like silly flies we are entangled in his subtle web. Haste, or we are too late to save ourselves."

Emma equipped herself, and opened the door.

" Extinguish your lamp," said he, in the same low tone, " or it may discover us, and frustrate all our hopes."

She did so, and he led her down a flight of stairs, from whence they gained the courtyard, where they mounted, and proceeded at full speed from the monastery.

They traversed the dreary wild, and, at length, gained a clump of trees.

“ Here,” said the companion of Emma, “ we may repose ourselves, safe from the pursuit of our enemies.”

The maiden started; the voice was not that of Leonard, but of a stranger! An universal trepidation seized her, and she scarcely could support her frame, or ask the question she was anxious, yet dreaded, should be solved. At last she summoned resolution to interrogate the stranger, and inquired who he was?

“ What!” replied he, “ Do you not know me? Is your memory so shallow you cannot recollect your admirer, who, for your sake, had the *honor*, lately, of being stunned by your *true lover's* sword; and, afterwards, the *felicity* to be threatened with death by my commander? However, to convince you I am not the *revengeful savage* Guy talked of, I am about to return good for evil, and favour you with my love: Yes, forgetful of the indignities I have received on your account,

count, I am determined to take you to my arms: so dismount, my fair lady."

Emma used all the eloquence of which she was mistress, to put him from his purpose: but, deaf as the wind, he regarded not her supplications, and tore her from her horse. She then threw herself at his feet, and again besought him to have compassion on her helpless state.

"Why you must think me a pretty fool," quoth he, "to run the risk I have done in making you my prize, and then to give you up: you are a rich booty, and I have hazarded my life to get you; for had my attempt failed, Guy would have taken it without ceremony: however, there is not much fear of him now, for, thank heaven, he is——"

"Here!" exclaimed a voice in thunder; when the villain, turning round, beheld, by the grey twilight, that now broke through

the thick foliage, his captain rushing furiously towards him!

They attacked each other like ravenous vultures, when, in a short time, the blood of the ravisher ensanguined the plain, and he resigned his breath.

Emma, relieved from her persecutor, was about to return her generous deliverer every acknowledgement, a heart glowing with gratitude could suggest, when Leonard and his 'Squire appeared. Vain would it be to attempt the description of their meeting; to lovers alone must be left the conception of it.

Owen, with fervency, expressed his joy at this her second deliverance.

"*By the valour of my Ancestors!*" cried he, "but you have had a couple of narrow escapes; and had it not been for my master, this noble captain, and myself, heaven only knows what had become of you!—Perhaps  
you

you would have been destined to satisfy their cannibal-like appetites. But now, sir," addressing Carlos, "as you have kindly thumped the breath out of this worthy wight's body, pray have the goodness to exalt it on the next tree; you know he was high minded; and let his carcase dangle like a bunch of ripe grapes."

"No," quoth the captain, "his life hath made expiation; and to wage war with the deceased, were to degrade the character of a Christian and a man!"

Leonard listened with admiration, and sincerely regreted that one, endued by nature with every sentiment of justice and humanity, should be compelled to link himself with plunderers.

*Alas! how fair a page was blotted!*

By this time the mist of darkness was dispelled from earth by the sun's burnished rays,



and the feathered songsters stretched their little throats towards heaven, and warbled forth their gratitude. The son of Christopher, therefore, prepared to depart. Guy assisted Emma to mount; then, pressing the hand of Leonard, "Farewell," quoth he, "may happiness attend you; may you shun the labyrinth of misery, in which my steps for many a long, long year, have wandered. Think sometimes of the wretched Carlos, who, at one time, would not have disgraced your knowledge; and acquit me, so far, in your good opinion, as to believe not choice, but sad necessity, and a concatenation of misfortunes, with which you are acquainted, have made me what I am. Adieu, for ever!"

Leonard cordially thanked him for the kindness he had received from him, and, clapping spurs to his steed, departed.

With light did Owen's courage return, and he began to talk with indifference of the late

late adventure; swearing, *By the valour of his Ancestors!* he would have peppere their doublets, had they not attacked him un-awares.

Another great stimulative to this valorous folly, was the distant view of a village, which, at the same time, whetted his appetite; and he already anticipated the pleasure of attacking some well stored pantry. Having gained the hamlet, they refreshed themselves; and Owen, who allayed his hunger by destroying a venison pasty, accompanied with a flaggon of wine, remounted his horse in high spirits.

They then made for the nearest port, where they hired a small vessel to convey them to the Isle of Wight, resolving to claim the hospitality of Montmorenci: suffice it to say, they landed there, and that the Knight could not refrain from stopping at the cottage of the fisherman.

Peter, on seeing them, forgot his age, and leaped for joy.

"Heaven bless your honour!" he said, "What you have found your little frigate, I see: well, shiver my timbers! I no more expected to set eyes on you again, than I do to be made high Admiral of England! I thought all along," (addressing himself to Emma,) "keel haul me if I did not, that you could not be looking out for a servant's birth, your timbers were so slight: and now it seems, as plain as the mizen, that you were in chace of your lover. But why, instead of laying to, and beating on and off shore, did not you crowd sail, and come in before the wind? I do not think any one would have refused you moorings. And now," turning to the son of Christopher, "let an old tar give you a little advice; when you had this rich cargo under convoy, you had no business to be cruising on another tack, and leave her adrift."

Leonard

Leonard smiled at his bluntness, and thanked him for his counsel.

“Nay,” replied Peter, “I want no thanks, and I hope your honour will not be offended. You must know, a few days after you set sail from here, I was hailed upon the beach by a milk-sop, who asked me whether I would let him have my boat for a short voyage, and told me, that I should be handsomely rewarded, and a great deal more of such nonsense: however, he might as well have attempted to sail in the wind’s eye, as deceive me in that there way; I paid no more attention to his discourse, than the capstern would have done.”

“Avast,” cried I, “two words to that bargain; first man the pump of your conscience, and unship a little of your hypocrisy, with which you seem tolerably well freighted: secondly, reef your lingo, and come to the point. What do you want my smack for?”

He said, "to carry off a person who had robbed him in England, and scudded here for harbour."

"I believe you lie! was my answer, for if that is the case, why do not you get proper authority? Where are your sailing orders? Do you think we have not law here, as well as on the other side of the water? Why I believe you are a pirate, and fight under false colours: I wish I had my will of you, d—me! but I would tie you up to the gang-way, you lubber, and give you a round dozen in less time than the boatswain could pipe all hands! But, come, shove off, heave a-head, and let me see no more of you, or I will take you in tow to the Baron, and we will hear what he says to you."

The fair weather spark sheered off, like a French ship from an English one, and I never saw him again: but I know, as well as I know stem from stern, he is the booby that captured this here lady."

Leonard

Leonard admired the rough honesty of the tar, and, taking his leave, repaired to the castle, where his reception surpassed his most sanguine expectation; they greeted him with every mark of hospitality, and were profuse in their congratulations to Emma on her preservation.

A gloom, however, obscured the countenance of the young Knight, that greatly diminished their satisfaction, and about which his noble host interrogated him. Void of all circumlocution, he told him every transaction which had occurred during his absence, concluding with the death of Edmund.

“And although,” said he, “the safety of my own life compelled me to the deed; and, notwithstanding mankind must rejoice that such a monster is cut off from society, I would the blow had by some other arm been given. His parting words, moreover, are engraven on the tablets of my memory, and  
the



the mystery attending them has much perplexed me. When the wretched man had ended his confession, I observed him shudder, and he inquired whose picture it was I wore around my neck? I told him it was given me by my father, with a solemn injunction to preserve it. Big with some mighty secret, that he seemed to wish revealed, he faintly struggled with death; but in vain, the grizzly monarch cut the thread of life, and left me ignorant of what he wished to say."

During the whole of Leonard's speech, the Lady Montmorenci appeared much agitated; but, at the last sentence, she could scarce respire.

"Have you the portrait about you?" cried she, gasping for breath.

"I have," returned the youth.

He

He presented it to her; and on her perusing the features, she sunk lifeless upon the floor. All were now busy in reviving her, which, with infinite difficulty, they effected, and, with returning life, her passion somewhat subsided.

“Heavenly father!” she said, “thy ways are unfathomable! but let me not give too great a rein to joy. Tell me,” she continued, “hast thou the mark of an arrow on thy shoulder?”

“I have,” replied the amazed Knight, “and oft, during my youth, my parents have blessed the mark, and said it was a proof of the benevolence of Providence that I bore it.”

The Baroness could no longer restrain her joy, but rushed into his arms, exclaiming;

*“Receive the blessing of thy mother!”*

He

He dropped upon his knee, while Emma, Julia, and Montmorenci, like statues gazed upon the scene!

Recovering from the first fallies of delight, she addressed her husband.

"Behold, my Lord," said she, "the son whose loss I have so oft lamented, and let me hope, in you, he will find a second father. Yes, my Reginald," she continued, "no longer Leonard, the fruit of a peasant's loins; know thou art the offspring of Arthur Fitzallan, and rightful heir to all his wide domain, usurped by the villain whom heaven, to do a double justice, doomed to fall by thy all-conquering arm! Hereafter thou shalt know the history of thy mother's sufferings: at present receive the embraces of a sister; love and cherish her!"

Reginald Fitzallan (so we shall henceforth call him) could hardly persuade himself but he was in a dream: to find a parent, and a sister,

sister, so worthy of his tendernefs, almost annihilated his fenfes with excefs of joy: the titles, and eftates, he fo unexpectedly poffeffed, he confidered not; fave, that it enabled him to place his lovely Emma in a fphere, which nature, lavifh in her endowments, formed her to adorn.

On the fubfequent day, the Baronefs requested to fee her fon, in her own chamber, where fhe, according to her promife, recounted the ftory of her life in the following terms.

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## CHAP. VIII.

There is a kind of character in thy life,  
 That, to the observer doth thy history  
 Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings  
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
 Nor light them for themselves : for if our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
 But to fine issues : nor nature never lends  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use.

SHAKESPEARE.

“SIR Bertram was a Knight renowned  
 alike for courtesy and valour ; while yet  
 a youth, he had distinguished himself against  
 the sons of Gallia, and acquired immortal  
 fame :

fame: that indeed was all the advantage he derived, though in the service of his country he had spilt his blood, and, for her welfare, devoted the estates of his progenitors; which were so much decreased, as to be insufficient to support the dignity of his family."

"In this exigence he craved the advice of Harold Fitzallan, thy grand-fire, who was his most intimate companion; similitude of manners, and mutual worth, had linked them in the bonds of friendship: up the steep hill, or down the craggy rock, they drove the foaming boar still side by side: in the heat of battle, the shield of Sir Bertram yielded more succour to Harold than himself, while that brave Baron's sword was ever wielded in the defence of his comrade."

"Fitzallan, on being counselled, conjured the Knight to prop his declining fortunes by an advantageous marriage: this, indeed, was the only step he could take, and he resolved to adopt it. The widow of a noble, lately deceased,



deceased, possessed of immense riches, had long shewn him a marked partiality, of which he now availed himself; he therefore preferred his suit, and met with greater encouragement than his most sanguine wishes had dared to hope: suffice it to say, they were united, and Sir Bertram, though it is not probable he should adore a woman, whose years were ill adapted for the wife of so young a man, behaved to her with tenderness and respect. I am the sole fruit of their nuptials, and bear the name of my mother—Bertha.”

“ Scarce had I entered on this sea of trouble, when a rumour prevailed, that the Christians again designed to carry their arms into the Holy Land. The thought was transport to my fire, who, fondly hoping he should be enabled to plant the blessed cross upon the walls of Jerusalem, determined to embark in search of victories, which even the illustrious Cœur de Lion had not been able to accomplish.”

“ He

“ He imparted this design to his friend ; at the same time urging him to serve under the consecrated banner of our Redeemer. Harold, however, had lately given, not only his hand, but his heart, to a young lady of birth ; nor could all the entreaties of Sir Bertram, prevail on him to leave her unprotected.”

“ Since,” said my father, “ you will not accompany me, to your charge I confide a treasure, more precious than the treasures of distant India ; my infant child : should the fortune of war deprive me of existence, my blood will freely flow, and I shall resign my breath without a sigh, from a conviction of her safety : be a parent to her, so shall my spirit, from its starry mansion, look down, and pour its blessings on your head.”

“ No more of this ;” quoth Fitzallan, “ you may live long, and happy : may thy vigorous arm dart through the embattled ranks

ranks of Infidels, like heaven's thunder, dealing destruction to the foes of Christ."

"The time for his departure now arrived, and, having taken an affectionate farewell of his consort, and strained me to his breast, he tore himself away."

"My mother, whose heart was fixed upon her Lord, secluded herself from all company, save Fitzallan, and his lady, with whom she fondly anticipated the hour when Sir Bertram should bless her sight. Alas! vain hope! never again was he permitted to view his native land; his bones were left in Palestine, the sepulchre of thousands of his countrymen!"

"Three dreary winters had scarce elapsed from the time of his departure, 'ere the melancholy news of his death was received: he had fallen covered with the wounds of honour, and surrounded by the sabres of Saracens, on whom he discharged his fury;  
till,

till, overpowered, he yielded his mortal part to earth; his soul to God!"

"His mournful widow, from the time she heard the fatal news, never felt happiness: her friends, in vain, strove to administer the balsam of comfort: the seal of sorrow was stamped upon her form; and, after a tedious painful interval, she followed her Lord."

"This account I had from your grandfather, who would often gaze upon the lineaments of my face, and vow I was the image of his departed friend. I was too young at the time to feel the loss of those so near to me; and the tender affiduities I received, from the noble guardians to whom I was intrusted, prevented my ever experiencing the lack of parents."

"At the castle of Fitzallan, I met your father, their only son; being about my own  
age,

age, our youthful amusements were the same, and childish partiality ripened, with our years, into mature affection: Harold beheld this, sanctioned our mutual passion, and we were married."

"Death, the destroyer of all human things, deprived us, shortly after, of those much loved parents, and they went from earth, to meet eternal happiness above."

"Our sorrow was excessive; but time, the universal antidote of grief, poured consolation into our bleeding wounds, and a pleasing regret alone remained: as the rude mariner eyes land, while the majestic bark, cutting the green waters that lave its side, diminishes, and, at length, excludes it from his sight."

"A tender infant, my beloved Julia, was a blessing to us, and heaven promised another, which it gave in you. We now  
thought

*refer to page  
168 - \**

thought ourselves supremely happy, nor had we a single wish ungratified."

"Alas! how unsubstantial are all human joys: in the sun-shine of felicity man may bask awhile, but suddenly his prospect is intercepted by an invidious cloud, that leaves him wrapped in darkness and dismay."

"You may well judge what I mean; the death of thy father; let me then skim swiftly over a period that, even now, strikes me with horror."

"When the villain Edmund conveyed me to my prison, in the *Black Tower*, Providence inspired me with a thought to save my offspring; I tied a scarf round the body of thee, Reginald; and, having fastened a portrait of thy murdered sire about thy neck, dropped thee from the window; having first scratched upon the back of the picture the following inscription."



“Whoever may find this infant, be careful of him; convey him far from hence; in his bosom there is a purse, which will sufficiently reward them: and oh! as they hope for everlasting mercy, let them not disregard this entreaty.”

“Scarcely had I put my plan in execution, 'ere the ruffian, who was stationed at my door, entered the room, to add some fuel to the fire. The drowning grasp at weeds to save themselves, and I flattered myself I discerned a sensibility in his looks, that but ill accorded with his occupation, and of which I hoped to avail myself. I therefore fell upon my knees, and, with all the energy my feeble strength could summon, implored compassion; compassion for one, who had never injured him, even in thought.”

“He listened with attention to me, and the drop of pity rolled down his sable beard; yes, inured as he had been to deeds of guilt,  
my

my entreaty moved him even to woman's weakness."

"Rise, lady," said he, "pardon what is passed, and if a life, henceforth devoted to your service, can aught atone for the wrongs I have done you, it shall be laid down at your command."

"I thanked him for his proffered service, and anxiously desired he would inform me whether I was indeed a widow? He shook his head, and was silent; but the expression in his countenance spoke more forcibly than any words he could have uttered. Bitterly did I regret the loss of my husband; and, had not my solicitude for the dear pledges left behind restrained my fleeting soul, I should have followed him."

"On returning reason, I flew to the window; but what was my distraction, when I drew the scarf up, to find you, my child, were gone? I feared you had fallen into the hands

of Edmund, from whom no mercy was to be expected. Again, hope's delusive shadow fled past me, and said you were in safety: my mind was torn by different passions, and fluctuated like the famous Euripus."

"Forgive me, madam," quoth my keeper, "that I interrupt your grief; but, if you take not advantage of the time, an hour may deprive me of the ability to serve you."

"This aroused me, and, taking my beloved daughter in my arms, we issued forth: I having first muffled myself in a soldier's cloak, with which my conductor provided me; and Edmund having fortunately given him his ring, that so he might use his power during the night, we left the castle without opposition, and hurried to the spot whereon I had dropped you, but the place was void."

"We then set forth, fast as my frame would suffer me, keeping our course as near the

the ocean as possible; and on the following morn descried a boat, which was on the point of leaving land for a vessel that lay at about a league distance. My companion inquired of the seamen whither they were bound; they made answer, to the Isle of Wight. All parts of the globe were alike to me, provided I could bear my Julia from the reach of her unnatural cousin; I therefore put myself on board, and departed from my native country: that country where, but a short day before, I thought myself the happiest of mortals; where pleasure waited my command, and where my vassals blessed me whenever I met their fight. Now an exile, driven by the hand of villany from home, and indebted for liberty, nay, possibly life, to the murder of my husband."

"For a moment I doubted the justice of Providence, in thus permitting guilt to lord it over virtue; but soon, very soon, was I convinced of my error."

“ A violent gale of wind arose, and, during the hurricane, the captain, with much feeling, entered the cabin, and informed me the surge had broken over the vessel, and swept my servant (so he judged the man who accompanied me to be) from off the deck. This brought conviction to my heart, and I implored the pardon of heaven for my unfounded suggestion.”

“ The storm increased, and seemed to promise a speedy period to my woes, which I should joyfully have embraced, had it not been for the sweet infant who reconciled me to life. At length, however, the wind died away; the rude blustering of the waves abated, and enabled us to gain our port; where I encountered a person, whose appearance bespoke him noble; he offered his hand to assist me in landing, and begged permission to escort me to whatever part of the island I might be destined.”

“ I hesitated,

“ I hesitated, stammered, and hardly could refrain from swooning at the question : which he observing, forbore to repeat, and requested I would honour his mansion, for a short time, with my presence. His ingenuous manner banished all distrust, and, I consenting, we arrived at this castle, where an elegant collation was provided.”

“ During our repast, I observed my host’s eyes were rivetted upon me ; a melancholy langour overclouded his face, which nature seemed to have taken particular pains in forming. I related my story, and, in return, he favoured me with his, which drew numberless tears from me : my sighs were echoed by his own, and we seemed happy in the company of each other.”

“ The mind is softened when oppressed, and loves to banquet upon wretchedness : far from seeking jocund converse, it covets the society of those, who, like themselves, groan



under anguish; and the pearly drop of mutual pity, is more endearing than the laugh of those untainted with affliction."

"I remained at the castle, and, from the respectful assiduities which were paid me, felt a sincere friendship for my protector; who I found entertained a more tender passion for me, 'though he disclosed it not till the time of my mourning was elapsed; he then conjured me to be his, vowing he would prove a father to my child; who, he said, should never, if in his power to prevent it, know sorrow but by name. I refused his suit, but still he persevered, and, at length, prevailed: Need I say more? I gave my hand to *Hildebrand*."

"*To Hildebrand?*" cried Reginald.

"*To Hildebrand*, my son," quoth Bertha, "for that is the true name of the supposed Montmorenci. His tale, which you shall

shall know hereafter, will convince you he had reason to renounce the former; and teach you, as it did me, that there are no sufferings, how great soever we may imagine them, but others labour under woes as bitter."

CHAP. IX.

## CHAP. IX.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.

This world I do renounce: and in your sights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off.

SHAKESPEARE.

REGINALD'S amazement was excessive; it recalled to his mind the unhappy mortal he had seen upon the Pyrenean hills, repenting the murder of which he supposed himself guilty; while his son is compelled

pelled to assume a false title, to avoid the stigma thrown on his family by his parents' rashness.

"What, my dear son, excites thy surprise?" cried Bertha.

"Prepare thyself for wonder," he replied, "for know the father of thy Hildebrand yet lives!"

"Lives!" exclaimed she.

"Certain he did, not many months ago: these eyes beheld him then, bending beneath the double load of age and misery: with many a drop of sorrow was his recital watered, and the fate of his Walter lay so heavy on his conscience, I fear his brain is much deranged. But let us hasten to my worthy host, and pour the tidings in his ear; it may not be too late, even now, to bring the old man comfort; the sight of his son will re-

animate his blood, and make him young again."

They hastened to find Hildebrand, Montmorenci no more, and imparted to him all that Fitzallan knew concerning his wretched parent: and he determined, on the morrow, to quit the Isle, in quest of the recluse, Reginald having undertaken to convey him to the place where he had held his converse with him. By early dawn, therefore, they departed, and, with an auspicious wind, soon reached ———, where they landed, and pursued their route towards the Pyrenees, whose summits are covered with eternal snow, while innumerable flocks, bleached by heaven's fresh blowing breezes, and scarce less white than the drift that overtops them, feed and wanton on their craggy sides.

At length they gained the dwelling of the shepherd, who had before afforded entertainment to Fitzallan, and where they made  
immediate

immediate inquiry after the Man of the Mountain, as he was termed.

“ Ah Signore,” replied the rustic, “ he has not been seen for many a day, and it is imagined he must be dead.”

The joy which had shone in Walter’s countenance, from the time his young friend disclosed his knowledge of Hildebrand’s existence, now gave way to the lowering tints of melancholy. Reginald endeavoured to inspire him with hope, and promised to accompany him over the adjacent mountains.

They searched for two days, but without effect : on the third, the groans of one in jeopardy passed upon the bosom of the air, and attracted their notice. They stopped, and perceived the sounds to issue from a gaping cave, whose sides where over-grown with moss.

“ What



"What may this mean?" quoth Walter.

"No matter," returned Fitzallan, "we will enter, and, if in our power, relieve the person that may be therein."

They did so, and, in one corner, beheld a man stretched on a bed, formed of leaves, and rushes. Reginald approached, and discovered it was the object of their search. He waved his hand for his companion to withdraw, then addressed the unhappy being who laid before him.

The sound of his voice awoke the old man, whose cares had found a temporary relief in the arms of Somnus.

"Surely," he said, "I have heard those sounds before! Ah! I recollect; thou art the youth whose friendly converse strove to lull my woes, and which has been the only comfort I have received during a long sojourn on these mountains. Thank heaven!

I am

"I am near my destined goal, and shall shortly be released from all the miseries that attend this mortal state."

"Not so; many joyful days are, I hope, in store; I come to bring you comfort: your son, your Walter lives; and lives to bless thy aged arms."

Hildebrand looked at him, his eyes sparkling with rage.

"Savage!" he exclaimed, "Cannot the busy world yield scope for merriment and derision, but you must seek, in this secluded spot, a wretch, whose span of life is almost measured? Can humanity be so depraved as to find pleasure in harrowing up the feelings of a poor infirm old man, who is about to render his account to an all-righteous judge that he has dared offend?"

Walter could brook no more, but rushed into the cave, and throwing himself upon  
6 the

the earth beside his parent, cried, "*My father look up, and be of comfort!*"

Hildebrand recoiled with horror!"

"Is it possible," he said, "much injured shade, that thou art sent to wring my heart? Alas! there was no cause for this: save me, oh! save me from the horrid spectre!"

His exhausted strength here sunk under the oppression of his fears, and he found a respite in the clasp of insensibility, from which their utmost endeavours were exerted to restore him; when again he began in the same incoherent stile as before, nor was it but with infinite difficulty they could persuade him his offspring lived. At length they poured conviction in his ear, and he returned thanks to Providence, who had thus eased his mangled conscience.

"And now, my Walter," quoth he, "although I dread to ask, tell me, I beseech thee,

thee, free of all reserve, does thy mother, my much wronged Eleanor, exist?"

His son answered in the negative, and further informed him, grief for his loss had ended her.

"Is it even so?" cried Hildebrand, "Then I am still a murderer!"

"Think not so hardly, sir," said Reginald, "she fell not by your hand."

"Not by my sword, I grant," returned Hildebrand, "but with as sure a weapon; sorrow, that biting falchion, whose inveterate blade pierces the heart, and bids defiance to the skill of surgery, slew her. Look down, oh martyred saint! from thy celestial throne, and, as my fleeting spirit leaves my clay-cold body, bear it to heaven, and sue for its salvation!"

His

His voice faltered as he spoke, and the pallid hue, that overspread his features, announced his speedy dissolution.

Walter turned to Owen, "Fly," said he, "for assistance!"

"'Tis all in vain!" quoth the enfeebled dying penitent, "thrice hath the sun gone his revolving course around the globe, since these parched lips have tasted aliment. Take my blessing, and, if the last injunction of an expiring parent hath any influence, bestow thy care upon the future welfare of this good young man. Convey my body to the monastery of St. Antony, to which the peasants will conduct you; in privacy let it be interred, nor over it place any gaudy monument, or superfluous inscription: let the world, if possible, be ignorant where the ashes of such a monster rest, lest they should tear them from their humid bed, and scatter them in air! Farewell, for ever!"

So

So saying, without a sigh, he resigned his soul, as though it had only tarried for the sad consolation of seeing his offspring, 'ere it departed "for that bourn, from which no traveller returns!"

"And is this all," cried Walter, after a pause, "that remains of thee my father? Where is the fire that was wont to glisten in thine eye, as thou recountedest to me the battles of thy youth? Where the endearing smile that played upon thy favours, as thou diffusedest into my breast the precepts of compassion and religion? Known to the world by name alone! Had none benevolence to prevent the ruthless fang of hunger preying on thee? Alas! while my board was crowned with viands, and the poor suppliant at my portal ever met refreshment, the author of my being, on a bleak hill was pining, devoid of common comfort!"

Reginald, with much entreaty, prevailed upon his friend to quit the cavern, and return

to



to the shepherd's hut ; the former with Owen, though much against the 'Squire's inclination, bearing the body of the unfortunate recluse, which, on the ensuing evening, was committed to its mother earth, without pomp or ostentation. The tear of commiseration bedewed his grave, and, after a series of calamities, he rested at last in peace !—

Returning from the monastery to the Abbot, of whom the now Lord Hildebrand had made a gorgeous present; "I have been reflecting," said he, "on the tottering foundation, and instability of human felicity : my father's fate has brought to mind a thousand ideas that never before occurred, and convinced me man cannot make too good an use of life's short journey. In death the peasant, and the prince, meet upon equal terms. Why, then, should they, whom the caprice of the blind goddess have exalted, assume an arrogance, and lord it over their inferiors, when they alike become the food of reptiles?"

Fitzallan

Fitzallan fought to eradicate these gloomy thoughts, and to arouse his drooping spirits, by anticipating the moment when they again should see the Isle of Wight. Passing the spot where himself, and Edgar, had first encountered Julia, "Prythee inform me," said Reginald, "is not the castle of the Count Saint Julian near?"

"It is," replied Hildebrand.

"'Tis well!" exclaimed Fitzallan, "we will be his guests, and return the thanks we owe him, for his courteous conduct towards my unprotected sister, while at his mansion. His son, too, shall render me a dear account, or I will tear it from his very heart."

Owen overheard this, and, clapping the spur somewhat roughly against the side of his courser, rode up to his master.

"My Lord," said he, "I hope you will pardon what I am about to say; but, believe

lieve me, you had better proceed on your journey homeward, than go out of your road to this same Count: we have had fighting enough already: remember, my good sir, the pitcher that goes too often to the well, is likely to get crack'd at last: and, above all, think of the immense length of their toledos here. Why, *By the valour of my Ancestors!* they would think no more of spitting your Lordship with one, than if you were an orchard rabbit."

"Peace, fool!" returned his master, nor vex me with thy idle fears."

"Nay, my Lord," cried Owen, "my fears are of too active a nature, to suffer their owner to remain idle. I shall say no more; but, when it is too late, you will confess Owen was your best counsellor."

On the subsequent evening, by sun-set, they gained the castle of Saint Julian: it was a venerable edifice, situated at the foot of an  
high

high hill, upon whose side a thick grove reared its lofty crest; which, aided by the present twilight, threw a solemn gloom upon the pile beneath. Silence prevailed unbroken, save by the roaring of a water-fall that rushed impetuously down the mountains steep, and by the croaking of ill-favoured birds, who winged their dusky flight towards their leafy abode.

Approaching, they descried, upon the battlements, a fable standard, which fullenly waved in the hollow gale, and gave an additional gloom to the scene. The sight went to the heart of Owen. "Good heaven!" he involuntarily exclaimed, "protect me, and send me safe out of this cursed place. Oh! a plague on knight-errantry! say I."

"Silence," cried Fitzallan, "his eyes rivetted upon the banner, and strike upon the gate."

The

The woful 'Squire obeyed, though very reluctantly, and raising the massy knocker, it fell with such a crash upon the portal, that the neighbouring hills re-echoed with the sound, and the affrighted Owen hastened to the spot where his companions tarried.

The gate was opened by an aged man, who demanded their business, and they replied, "their wish was to see the Count Saint Julian."

"Enter," said the porter: they did so, and were led into a spacious hall, where the person, who admitted, now left them, but returned in a few minutes, saying, "his Lord was ready to receive them. They were then conducted into an apartment, where they found Saint Julian and his lady.

"To what am I indebted for this visit," quoth the former, rising from his seat, "from cavaliers of whom I have not the slightest knowledge?"

"Can

"Can you," answered Walter, "have forgotten Montmorenci, (which was the only name the Count knew him by) at whose castle you met with hospitality; and, in return for which, you would fain have compelled his daughter to receive the hand of a man who was disagreeable to her?"

"Is it possible you are Montmorenci?" cried Julian, "Forgive me, thou best of men, for not immediately recognising one, to whom I am so much beholden: but my eyes are filmed with age; and tears, my dear friend, tears have added to their dimness."

"We expected not your courtesy:" exclaimed Fitzallan, with his accustomed impetuosity; "we demand not hospitality, but revenge. Where is your son, the persecutor of my sister? Well may you start, for know the brother of the injured Julia stands before you. Come, conduct me to him; for, by heaven, and by my hopes of happiness, I swear, revenge shall sate my anger!"



The Count attempted to reply, but bitter sighs, and sobs of anguish, forbade his tongue its office. At length; "Since, then, it must be so," he said, "follow me, and I will lead you to him whose blood you seem to thirst for."

He then took a taper, and ascended a large flight of stairs, at the top of which appeared a door: this he opened, and they entered a large vaulted room, hung with black. Reginald, and Hildebrand, recoiled with horror; but, recovering, they followed their host to a bier in the centre of the room, whereon stood a coffin.

Julian approached it, and, removing the lid, cried, "There is the man you seek."

Fitzallan started: his rage evaporated, and gave way to compassion. To wound the feelings of any being, was what his nature shrunk from, and he inwardly accused himself for causing the grief, he but too plainly

plainly observed pictured in the countenance of his host.

“ There, there lies the victim of ill governed passion! my poor, ill fated, boy! (continued the unhappy parent, pressing the clay-cold lips of the deceased) we shall meet again never to part more!”

He stood for some minutes fixed, as a statue, and leaning over the bier, until a flood of tears, gushing to his relief, somewhat eased the burthen on his heart; and he moved towards the door, desiring his guests to follow him.

He then returned to the room they had first quitted; and, on his entrance, he requested them to take up their abode, for one night, at the castle: which kindly offer they gladly embraced. Supper was now produced; soon after which the Countess took her leave, and withdrew for the night.

“ I am afraid,” quoth Julian, not chusing to enter on the subject before his consort, “ I am afraid I play the host but ill: yet, I can only say, my heart bids you welcome. The mist of sorrow floats around my head, as the clouds envelop the mountains’ top, and forbid the sun-shine of joy to irradiate my aged front. Alas! had my beloved son gone in nature’s course, I could have borne my lot with resignation: but to see the pride of my autumnal years lopped from the stem of life, by an assassin’s arm, is sure too much to bear!—Your looks bespeak curiosity, and shall be satisfied: I will reveal to you the manner of his unnatural death.”

“ Though I will frankly own,” replied Hildebrand, “ it is a subject I wish to be acquainted with; yet would I rather remain eternally in ignorance, than have my inquisitiveness satisfied, by arousing disagreeable reflections in your breast, my Lord.”

“ That

"That were impossible," cried Julian, "for my grief has never decreased. Waking, the recollection of my darling son employs my thoughts: and, when care-worn, I sink, for a short period, into the arms of slumber; the mangled image of my Julian hovers around my pillow, and calls me from my transitory death, to life and misery!"

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## CHAP. X.

If thou didst but consent  
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,  
 Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam,  
 To hang thee on.——

SHAKESPEARE.

“THE agonies I encounter,” continued the Count Saint Julian, “are partly drawn upon myself: to a fond weak indulgence of my boy’s foibles, do I ascribe them: may they prove a lesson to future parents to avoid my failing!—Misunderstand me not, by supposing

supposing a rigid hand the best to rear your offspring: rigour, as the frost of spring, nips the young plant in the very bud; while too much fondness, like a fierce flame, destroys them. A proper tenderness, seasoned by reason, expands their youthful minds, as the mild rays of Phœbus enrich the soil of nature; and, when they reach the age of reason, they bless you for your care of them."

"Some thirty years ago, I led to the altar Æmelia, daughter and sole heiress to the Marquis Marinelli: a woman cast in nature's choicest mould, and whose personal accomplishments were only to be excelled by the graces which adorned her mind. The only allay to our happiness was, that heaven did not bless us, as we fondly thought, with a progeny. Alas! had the womb of my wife been barren, as the scorching sands of Africa, we had still, perhaps, been happy."



“ When every hope was vanished, my Amelia, to my inexpressible satisfaction, confessed herself pregnant. I listened to the declaration, though I could scarcely credit it; but when, after so long an interval, she gave to my arms a son, my joy almost intoxicated me, and, for a while, I forgot to whom I was indebted for the treasure I possessed.”

“ Jachimo, so was the infant christened, increased with his years in beauty; though, from his very cradle, as I may say, his disposition was tinged by an headstrong impetuosity, that could ill brook restraint; and which, upon every occasion, burst forth. Even among his play-mates, while a boy, there was a superiority in his manner, that set him above the rest, and in all cases of disputes, the arbitration was left to him: but if, on either side, they murmured at the decision of their judge, they were sure to meet with a severe chastisement from him.”

“ Blinded

“Blinded by affection, I foresaw not the ill consequences attending such a temper; indeed, I considered it merely as the effusion of a noble spirit, impatient of dishonour, and which, I hoped, at a proper time, would be restrained by reason. Alas! vain hope! as he advanced in life, his passions, far from abating, became more [fierce, and, like the irruptions of Vesuvius, swept all before them.”

“Continual were the complaints preferred against him by my vassals; fathers, whose heads were silvered o’er with age, demanding vengeance for the dishonor of their daughters; others complaining of the barbarous treatment inflicted by Jachimo, on any of the swains who had the temerity to oppose his unjust measures.”

“Wearied by these reiterated accusations, I ventured to remonstrate with him on the atrocity of his conduct; conjuring him, as

he valued mine, and his mother's happiness, to with-hold from his vile courses; nor endeavour to injure the peace of the poor creatures, my tenants, whose every comfort was center'd in their family."

"Unused to be rebuked, he heard me with a mixture of indignation and contempt; his youthful blood rushed up into his face, and he bit his nether lip with madness."

"Is the noble Count Saint Julian," he cried, "become the champion of a set of wretches, whose very lives depend upon his will? And dare they murmur or complain of his offspring's conduct? What were they created for? To labour and be mute. I am not singular in my treatment of the slaves. Do not the neighbouring nobles bow their vassals necks to the earth, and treat them as they do their mules and horses?"

"Feeble argument!" replied I, "Is the bad example of another an excuse for acting wrongfully?"

wrongfully? Or do you suppose these slaves, as you are pleased to term them, feel not the summer's heat and winter's snow, as we do? Why treat them like our beasts of burthen then? They are poor, 'tis true, but they are men; and we offend the Deity, when we degrade a being who bears his heavenly image!"

"Excellent!" quoth Jachimo, striving to smother the rage that I perceived was kindling in his bosom; "had you embraced an holy life, a crossier, long 'ere this, had graced your hand. You have every requisite, believe me: a demure face, an *assumed* sanctity, and an oily tongue, have oft procured a mitre: little more is necessary, and those you have."

"Hold, impious wretch!" I cried, "nor turn to ridicule religion's sacred precepts!—When on the bed of sickness thou art laid, never to rise again, deserted by

the friends of thy gay hours, and no companion but thy own reflection, how wilt thou dare to lift thine eyes to heaven, or ask for mercy from that fount thou hast dared to violate with impiety."

"By my soul! this is too much!" exclaimed Jachimo, "rated like a peasant, and all for these vile dunghills! but, if I am the villain they proclaim me, let them look to find me worse, henceforward, than I have yet been. Like the subtle snake, I'll lurk beneath the grass, and, with lynx-eyes, watch every opportunity to sting, and annoy them."

"Monster!" I returned, "full well I know thy sanguinary nature. Like the fell wolf among the bleating flock, thou dealest destruction on my unhappy tenants, because, vile coward! thou thinkest they dare not to oppose thee. But listen to me, wretch! and mark me well; since you indulge the

savage disposition of the beast I have mentioned, look to find, in me, an emblem of the animal that guards the herd ; and, by my hopes of everlasting happiness, severely will I worry thee !—All ties of nature shall be destroyed between us : thou hast told me my full power ; *on my will hangs the existence of my dependents* ; I knew it well, and also know thee to be one of them ; so take good heed, lest I exert that power to its utmost limit.”

“ ’Tis well,” cried he, half choked with choler, “ fear not that I shall tarry for you to put your boasted threats in execution. To-morrow, by dawn of day, I quit this hated mansion, never to see it more.”

“ So saying, he departed the room.”

“ On hearing this, my anger, like a hasty spark, expired ; paternal affection resumed its seat in my breast, and I resolved to exert all my influence in endeavours to prevent his quitting the castle.”

“ Being



" Being summoned to dinner, he entered the apartment, and seated himself, without noticing his mother, or myself."

" Pride, and affection, struggled hard within me; I wished to have continued fullen as himself; but the latter prevailed, and I broke silence."

" Are you determined to quit us, Jacchimo?" quoth I.

" Irrevocably," he replied, knitting his brow.

" Come, come," said I, " let me hope you will think otherwise 'ere the morning. We were both warm, perhaps wrong, in our dispute to day; but it is ended, and let us exchange mutual forgiveness."

" Forgiveness!" answered he, fullenly;  
" What forgiveness am I to crave of thee?  
Should.

Should a midnight assassin, unprovoked, plunge his filetto into thee, would'st thou, in reason, supplicate pardon from the vile aggressor? No. Why then am I to crave it from thy hand, who hast insulted and degraded me?"

"Here his mother rebuked him, for his want of duty towards his father; telling him such a headstrong vicious spirit should be kept chained, like a beast of prey."

"Damnation!" cried the impetuous boy, "this is too much."

"Then, starting from his seat, he rushed out of the apartment, and retired to his own."

"In the evening, still a slave to parental love, I sent divers messages to him, commanding, and entreating his presence; but, equally indifferent to my menaces, and supplications,

plications, he positively refused to obey me."

"The victim of anxiety on an ungrateful child's account, I scarcely closed my eyelids during the night; and, no sooner did the first tints of morn break through my window, than I arose, and made inquiry after Jachimo. But what was my grief, when I learned he had quitted the castle above an hour!"

"I was almost frantick, and not only dispatched various messengers after him, but offered a large reward to any that should bring me tidings of him: but all my endeavours were ineffectual, and for one long year did he baffle my searches. At the expiration of that time, I, by accident, got information that he was at Paris."

"Transported at the tidings, I indited a letter to him, filled with words of tenderness,

ness, soliciting him, if he valued my existence, and hoped for happiness himself, to return to me."

"This billet, as he has since acknowledged, satisfied his pride, and, in a short time, he arrived here. From my window I beheld him enter the court-yard; the sight seemed to renovate my aged limbs, and, with the alacrity of youth, I may say, I hastened down to him. But, alas! my joy was damped: he received not my ardent embraces with the warmth of a son, who had been twelve long months absent from his native home, but seemingly as an homage, that he thought his right."

"Seldom did he remain a night at the castle, which, I own, awoke my curiosity, and I found means to satisfy it, by bribing his servant; who told me his young lord had, while abroad, formed an intimacy with a young lady; of whom he became so passionately

ately fond, as even to consent to her accompanying him home. That he, the servant, had hired a small house in the neighbourhood for her, at which place Jachimo passed the time that he was absent from the castle. He concluded, by entreating I would keep my knowledge of the transaction from his master; as, otherwise, his life might possibly pay for his want of secrecy."

"I promised to lay my finger on my lips, and kept my promise, though I was heartily chagrined at his information."

"Soon after my son's return, your daughter, Lady Julia, arrived here, and unfortunately attracted his notice. He declared to me his love for her; told me he had confessed it to herself, but that she had treated him with disdain, and concluded by swearing bitterly, she should never quit the castle till she became his wife."

"With

“ With the subsequent circumstances of that affair, you are acquainted: but to describe Jachimo’s rage, on discovering her flight, would be as vain as to attempt to quell the boisterous heaving of Neptune’s billows. His fury, however, was too violent to continue; and, when he found all hopes of regaining her were fruitless, his passion subsided.”

“ Now I come to the crisis, that bears the date of all my woe. Some two months back, at a grand festival given by a nobleman in this vicinity, Jachimo danced with a lady, whose charms instantly enslaved his heart; nor did she return his passion with indifference: she loved him tenderly, and, after a short interval, became his bride.”

“ They resided with me entirely, and the charms of Adelina seemed to sooth his natural ferocious temper: in short, he appeared an altered being. With rapture I observed  
the



the change, and hoped he yet would recompense me for the many unhappy hours I had experienced on his account."

"A few days since, he went, accompanied by a select party of friends, on a hunting expedition, from which he never returned with life."

"Adalina, who existed but in his presence, counted the revolving hours, impatient for the one which was to restore her husband to her arms. Alas! she knew not the misery that then awaited her."

"From one of the western windows, we beheld the sun sink beneath the horizon, and his last golden rays burnish the mountain's tops, but no Jachimo appeared: nor, when the midnight bell, in slow and awful sounds, beat the dead hour of twelve, was he arrived. Unable to account for his absence, and perplexed in vague conjectures,  
we

we were sitting, in silent anxiety, when a loud knocking aroused us from the reverie wherein we had fallen; and the porter immediately entered the room with a small vase, which he said had been left by a stranger, who put it into his hands, and instantly disappeared."

" I was unable to account from whence this present came; but, taking the vessel, and opening it, what was my astonishment, to find therein a *human heart*, and a letter, addressed to Adalina! which was couched in the following terms!"

" As the heart of Jachimo was your's while living, it is but just you should retain it after his death: you will, therefore, find your inestimable treasure in the vase which conveys this to you: while his body, mangled with wounds, lies exposed to birds of prey, a dreadful example to perjured lovers! Know, thou fatal enchantress! I had his  
plighted

plighted vows, 'ere he heard thy fyren's voice, or saw thy 'witching face. But of that no more: my dagger has drank his blood, and my revenge is fatiated.

CONSTANCE."

"Can I paint the scene than ensued?—Impossible!—A mother bewailing the loss of an only child: a wife deprived of reason from the same cause, and myself obliged to administer the comfort I stood in need of. My heart was nearly rent in twain, and, in the height of my despair, I besought the Almighty to recall the life he gave me."

"Having conveyed my consort, and the frantick Adalina, to their respective apartments, which, with much difficulty, I accomplished, I summoned my domesticks, and repaired to the mansion of my son's mistress, for I had learned her name was Constance; and, at the door, found the corpse  
of

of my beloved son, divested of habiliment; disfigured with wounds, and begrimed with blood."

"Part of my servants returned with the corpse to the castle; while the others entered the house of this arch devil, and secured herself, and a female confidant: the latter of whom conjured us to take pity on her situation, affirming, she had been inveigled, and that she was ready to make a full confession of the affair."

"Listen not to her," exclaimed Constance, "nor imagine I shall deny the murder of thy son. Far, very far from it; I rejoice in ridding the world of such a villain: a villain formed for my destruction. I know the rigorous sentence of your laws, and dare to brave them: convey me to my prison, and do, with me, e'en what you please."

"I intrusted them to a proper guard; and then, stupified by grief, for I could consider  
the

the whole but as a dream, retraced my melancholy steps to the castle, where I found Æmelia and Adalina, in the same situation as when I left them ; nor has the latter yet regained her senses. To-morrow is fixed for the execution of Constance ; and may her fate prove a lesson to others, to controul their lawless passions !”

“ You, my Lord, I have injured in the person of your fair daughter : for the which I do entreat your pardon. You see misfortune is come upon my house ; and, I think your nature too noble to load a falling man.”

Hildebrand assured him of his cordial forgiveness, and they all retired.

*Look on 20  
pages further.*

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

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— 'Tis true, I am a king :

Honour and glory too have been my aim ;

But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers

Which furious war wears on its bloody front,

Yet could I chuse to fix my fame by peace,

By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise

My trophies on the blessings of mankind :

Nor would I buy the empire of the world

With ruin of the people whom I sway,

Or forfeit of my honour.

ROWE.

CROSSING the hall, in the way to his chamber, Reginald met Owen ; who, sticking close to his master's doublet, followed him into his chamber ; where, on his entrance, he immediately vented a violent groan.



"How now!" said Fitzallan, "What ails thee, man?"

"Nothing, my Lord," replied Owen, "I was only reflecting on the many pleasant adventures we have met with in our time; and this last is, of all others, I think, the most delightfully infernal. I suppose you have heard the story of the young Count Saint Julian?"

"I have," quoth Reginald.

"Well, sir, and do not you think it was a mighty harmless humour of Madam Constance, to send the old Lord his son's heart, as though it had been a present of game? *By the valour of my Ancestors!* mine dies away within me at the bare idea! however, to-morrow the young lady will pay for all."

"Even so; and now leave me," said Fitzallan.

"Leave

"Leave you, sir?" cried Owen, (his master pointed to the door) "Oh! very well, if I must, why, I must. But, my dear good Lord, will you have the goodness to see me to my own room? Nay, do not frown, for the truth is, I do not much like passing the chamber where this Jachimo lies."

"Leave me instantly," exclaimed Reginald, in a peremptory tone of voice.

"Well, I am gone, sir. I think, though," muttered the woful 'Squire, "when these Knight-errants lead a poor fellow into danger, the least they can do is to see him safe out again. *By the valour of my Ancestors!* these frights will be the death of me at last!"

With these words, Owen retired; but had scarce closed the door after him, 'ere Fitzallan heard a violent crash, like to the rattling of chains; and, at the same moment, some one

uttered a loud exclamation of terror: on which he seized a taper, and rushed into the gallery; where he descried his 'Squire extended on the floor, groaning most bitterly.

Reginald applied his foot somewhat roughly to his breech, when again Owen vented a piercing scream.

"How now!" cried Fitzallan, "what panic has seized thee?"

His follower, somewhat assured by hearing his Lord's voice, replied, "the devil himself, I believe, for I never heard such a horrid crash in my life. It came from the deceased gentleman's room: I suppose he has been cramped with laying so long in his wooden doublet, and has got up to stretch his limbs."

Reginald approached the apartment of the young Count, and found his servant's alarm

had been created by a ponderous suit of armour, which had fallen from the hook, whereon it was suspended, and which the timid 'Squire, in his present state of mind, had converted into a goblin, or some such terrific being.

Fitzallan having severely rebuked him for his want of courage, returned to his chamber; while Owen, fixing a fearful eye on the door of the deceased Jachimo's room, hurried to his own.

The early tints of rosy morn darting refulgent rays through the window of Reginald's apartment, awoke him: he arose, and repaired to the casement, from whence he beheld the pile, destined for the wretched criminals; who, soon after, made their appearance, and received the punishment due to their enormous crimes.

Reginald then descended into the chamber, where he had been received on his first arri-

val; and where he found the Count Saint Julian, and Lord Hildebrand: with the latter of whom, after a melancholy repast, and having taken leave of his unhappy host, Fitzallan departed.

They first proposed visiting England, and soliciting the King to put them in possession of the titles and estates of their ancestors; to which Walter assented: they, therefore, embarked, and the white sails were spread for Albion; auspicious breezes wafted the hulk across the oozy deep, and the anchor was at length fixed in Britain's sand.

They then mounted their steeds, and, riding towards London, in their way they paused one night for refreshment. After regaling themselves, they retired to their couches, and Leonard was buried in deep slumber, when a violent knocking at his chamber awoke him. On opening it he discovered Owen, trembling with terror; nor was

was it till after some time, he became acquainted with the cause of his panic.

As soon as the woful 'Squire recovered his speech ; " Ah, fir !" he cried, " I have news that I know will please you ; though, *By the valour of my Ancestors !* it has nearly frightened me out of my wits ! I went to the crazy room which was appointed me, and thought to have had a comfortable nap ; but there is nothing in this world but disappointments, I think ; I reckoned without my host, for I was baffled by the rats and mice, who brushed my nose with their tails, and seemed to be dancing Welch jigs : however, I covered myself with my doublet, and was just entering into a delicious snore, when an unusual noise made me start up, and, looking at the corner from whence it proceeded, I saw a man fast asleep. Curiosity made me wish to have a nearer view of my chum's phiz, and, taking my taper, which burned as bright as an old lady's rheumy eye, I crept



softly towards him, and saw it was that devil, Stephen."

"Stephen!" exclaimed his Lord.

"As sure as one and one make two."

"Conduct me to the place," quoth Reginald, then flew to the apartment of Hildebrand, whom he awoke, and who accompanied him to the room where the murderer laid.

The villain opened his eyes; but had the dart of death entered his heart, he could not have looked more pallid. Fitzallan, however, tarried not long, but, procuring a proper guard, ordered them to convey him to the castle in Northumberland, and, also, to secure Gregory, the steward.

On reaching the metropolis, they instantly repaired to court.

The

The traces of time upon the countenance of Hildebrand, forbade the royal Edward's recognising him : not so Fitzallan ; him he recollected, and declared the obligations which he owed him.

Reginald bowed, and addressed his Sovereign in these words.

“ Royal Sire, in me you behold the man who shed the blood of Edmund Fitzallan ; and I hope the rigour of the law will not deem it justice to despoil me of existence, when it is known I slew him in my own defence, and by so doing, revenged the slaughter of my father.”

“ Sir Leonard,” quoth the King, “ I would you had never been guilty of the deed : I respect, I admire you, but did our proper heir stand in thy place, his country should acquit him, or condemn, as though he were the lowest subject of my land.”

Hildebrand now spoke, "My Liege," he said, "when you shall hear my testimony, and, if necessary, that of several, I trust you will think otherwise. This youth, the reputed offspring of a peasant, is son to the gallant Arthur Fitzallan, whom the late Edmund barbarously murdered, and usurped his title. Heaven, by miracle, preserved this man, and made him the instrument of justice on the assassin of his sire."

Edward started from his throne, and, rushing towards Reginald, embraced him with all the fervour of paternal affection.

"Welcome!" he cried, "welcome to the arms of one, whose chief felicity and honour, was calling thy noble father friend. Did not thy deeds announce thee his descendant, the resemblance were sufficient to stamp conviction: even as thou now appearest, was thy noble father, when, side by side, we fought our country's battles, and dealt our fury on the foes of England!"

At this encomium on his lost parent, a sigh, half suppressed, burst from the bosom of Fitzallan, and was echoed by his compassionate sovereign, who thus continued.

“The titles and estates of thy progenitors, bought by their valour, and sealed with their best blood, I now restore to thee: what further I can serve thee in, let me but know, and task my power to its utmost.”

“Royal Sir,” said Reginald, “this my companion, now indeed my father, comes to crave his lands; his name is Hildebrand; a fatal accident, for many a year, has banished him from England, and your goodness emboldens me to second his request.”

“Thy boon is granted,” replied Edward, “oft have I heard his tale, and oft lamented his misfortunes.”

The Barons now took their leave, strongly impressed with gratitude, and instantly dis-

patched Owen to the Isle of Wight with these glad tidings, and, also, with orders to convey the Baroness, her daughter, and Emma, to the castle of Fitzallan; on which commission he departed, swearing, *By the valour of his Ancestors!* he now bade fair to be a great man!

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## CHAP. XII.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
When chearfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call to faun and dryad known ;  
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
Brown exercise rejoic'd to hear,  
And sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beachen spear.

COLLINS.

REGINALD and Hildebrand, loaded  
with honours by their illustrious Sovereign,  
now bade farewell to London, and set  
out for Northumberland.

On



On the fourth day, by early dawn, they gained their journey's end. The morn burst with refulgent splendour, and seemed to hail the arrival of Fitzallan at his paternal mansion. The north wind shook the palsied branches of the encircling grove, and made them bow, as though to own their vassallage to the adjoining pile, whose stupendous turrets reared themselves above the leafy labyrinth in towering majesty.

In the vale they were met by the dependents of Reginald, who flocked in crowds to welcome him; the old and infirm, hobbled out to meet, and to bestow their benediction on him; while the more youthful part, with every demonstration of joy, received him. His heart, not hardened by the luxuriance and levity of a court, expanded at the sight; he glowed with rapture, and involuntarily exclaimed, "What wealth can yield a sight like this, or a satisfaction so substantial as the blessings of our fellow creatures?"

Suddenly

Suddenly recollecting himself, he dropped his eyes upon the ground, while Hildebrand gave him a look of silent approbation.

By this time they had gained the draw-bridge, which was instantly let down, and they passed into the hall; on entering which, Reginald felt emotions never before experienced; the recollection of his father's fate burst on his memory, and forced the pearly drop of sad regret adown his face.

His first deed was to administer justice, latterly unknown at the castle; he therefore cited all his vassals, and summoned Stephen, and Gregory the steward, into his presence. Abashed they appeared before him, nor dared they meet the reproachful eye of him they had so much injured.

“Wretched men!” said Fitzallan, “attend unto me! you stand accused, the one of murder, the other of abetting the foul crime.”

crime. Have you aught to plead against the charge?"

They were silent.

"Let me hope," continued Reginald, "this dumbness proceeds not from an hardened temper, but from a strong conviction of your error. Now, mark me well! you, Stephen, have acted merely as a tool to your late atrocious Lord, and, did not your sin amount to such a pitch, myself would clear you: but you have imbrued your hands in human blood, and an offended Deity demands revenge. Now for thee, ungrateful savage monster! (quoth he to Gregory, fixing his eyes sternly on him) whom nor the laws of duty, or of hospitality could bind; who connived at the assassination of him your nature should have prompted you to protect; nothing can be said in extenuation of thy crime. To the rigour of justice I commit ye both; and oh! if the faintest ember  
of

of expiring conscience burns within ye, intreat mercy of your heavenly judge, but expect no more on earth, than ye yourselves have shew to others !”

They were then borne away, and, in a short time, paid the forfeiture of their guilt.

Fitzallan now repaired to the cottage of Christopher, wherein he found the owner, and his dame.

“ Welcome, my Lord,” said the former, bowing lowly, “ to the estate of thy ancestors ; and pardon, I beseech you, our solicitous care, that so long concealed you from the world.”

This idle ceremony may be dispensed with ; ye are my parents still,” quoth the youth, embracing them both.

The

The old woman threw her arms around his neck, and sobbing, cried, "I have now lived long enough: the offspring of my departed Lord is righted, and I have no further business upon earth!"

"May you live happy!" returned Reginald, "my future monitors, as you have ever been! and should this sudden smile of fortune cause me to act unworthily, or to oppress the needy, remind me of my own once humble state, and say, *Is this thy return to heaven for its goodness?*"

The interval 'twixt his arrival and that of Emma, he employed in redressing the grievances of those who had been wronged by his predecessor: he also caused the *Black Tower*, in one of which apartments the gory habit had been deposited, to be converted into a monastery, where oraisons were put up for peace to the soul of the ill-timed Arthur: and moreover sent for the unfortunate Carlos,  
(the

(the captain of the banditti) who he was sure would be happy to embrace any opportunity of quitting his present disgraceful mode of living. He came, and Reginald disclosed his intentions, asking him if his wishes coincided with them.

“ I know not,” replied the transported Carlos, “ how to thank you as I ought. Thou art some ministering angel, sure, sent from the realms above, to pour the balm of consolation into my bleeding wounds. I accept your proffer as the gift of benevolence, and when I so far forget myself, as to treat your bounteous goodness unworthily, may my sufferings, if possible, be redoubled on my head !”

Reginald's heart, dilated with rapture, at being enabled to yield consolation to the unfortunate ; and Carlos, in the purlieus of his monastery, repented his involuntary crimes, and sought to render himself worthy to appear



pear in that presence, where, let us hope, his penitence had procured forgiveness.

Every countenance now wore a smile of joy, and the peasants turned their eyes in gratitude to him, who had thus restored the offspring of their former worthy Lord.

From Northumberland, Fitzallan dispatched a courier to Edgar De Courci, acquainting him with the favourable turn in his affairs, and inviting him, and his father, to visit his castle, and complete the happiness he now enjoyed.

In the interim, Lady Hildebrand, Julia, and Emma, reached the valley, escorted by Owen, who prided himself upon the punctuality with which he had executed his commission.

“Here, sir,” said he to his master, “here are the ladies; you knew your man, when  
your

you sent me to convey them there; I have not only protected, but entertained them, with recounting the names of my ancestors; and had it not been for the flood, I could have traced them farther back than I did. Now, my Lord, after having gone through the torments of those below, I wish to be informed whether our mad schemes are over, or if we are again to sally forth?"

"No," replied Reginald, "our days to come shall be spent in ease, nor shall your parents e'er know want; summon them hither, and they shall be provided for."

"*By the valour of my Ancestors!*" exclaimed Owen, "that is just as I would have it. And, after my many valorous achievements, I will set myself down, like many other great warriors, and enjoy the rest of my days in peace."

Bertha,

Bertha, on entering the castle, felt emotions known only to the feeling ; she dropped many a tear to her Arthur's remembrance : the place she had not seen for many years : when last she beheld its rugged walls, she was flying from her persecutor : now the mother of a son, who promised to be a blessing to her ; and, could she have erased the idea of her first Lord's untimely end, she had been happy.

She requested to see the preservers of her offspring : they appeared, and she loaded them with caresses, vowing they should live henceforward at the castle, and be a witness to the happiness of their adopted son.

“ Dear lady !” cried old Barbara, “ this is too much ; to see my young Lord restored to his rights, was all I dared to hope : but to be repaid for my care of him, by the smiles and approbation of his noble mother, is a joy too great for words to describe.”

Even

Even the father of Emma was not forgotten; he had an handsome competency settled on him, nor was he ever upbraided for his behaviour towards his innocent child.

At length De Courci, and his son arrived; the former so much abased in his own eyes, for his unworthy treatment of his young friend, he stood before him like a culprit. The generous Reginald, however, soon reconciled him to himself, assuring the Baron, so far from reprehending his past conduct, he admired his lenity, in merely dooming that man to imprisonment, whom he imagined guilty of having attempted the honour of his wife.

The mention of her name touched the string of discord in the heart of De Courci; for, notwithstanding the injuries he had received at Gertrude's hand, he still remembered her unhappy fate with regret; and a tear stole from his eye to her memory: on which  
Reginald,

Reginald, who observed the grief he had involuntarily occasioned, shifted the subject, and, in a few minutes, De Courci regained his wonted cheerfulness.

Fearful some unforeseen accident might again deprive him of his mistress, Fitzallan solicited the Baroness to join their hands, as heaven had already done their hearts. The mind of that deserving woman was above all mercenary thoughts; Reginald had riches sufficient to satisfy the ravenous grasp of avarice; and had she placed Emma's merit in the scale, against the treasures of the eastern clime, she would have found her son a gainer. She consented, and the same morn that smiled upon their union, saw Edgar, and the fair Julia, linked in Hymen's rosy fetters.

The shepherds of the valley tuned their rustic pipes; and, with their favourite nymphs, hailed the blessed nuptials of their

Lord,

Lord and Lady. On the light fantastic toe, "they tripped over the greensward; while flaggons of ale, the true old English fare, was distributed amongst them, and, like the inhabitants of famed Arcadia, their happiness consisted in each other.

The ceremony over, the Baroness, clasping her hands in gratitude, thus addressed her children :

*" Learn from our past sorrows, and our present joys, that retribution is in the hand of heaven alone. At the great day, when, before the Supreme Omnipotent Judge, our deeds are canvassed; then shall bright Virtue, with exalted crest, meet the all-scrutinizing eye of God; while Vice, abashed, shall hide her wrinkled front, and tremble at the just award of Providence !"*